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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1973 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOVEMBER 13 1937

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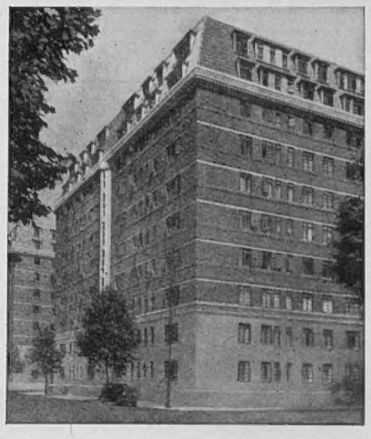

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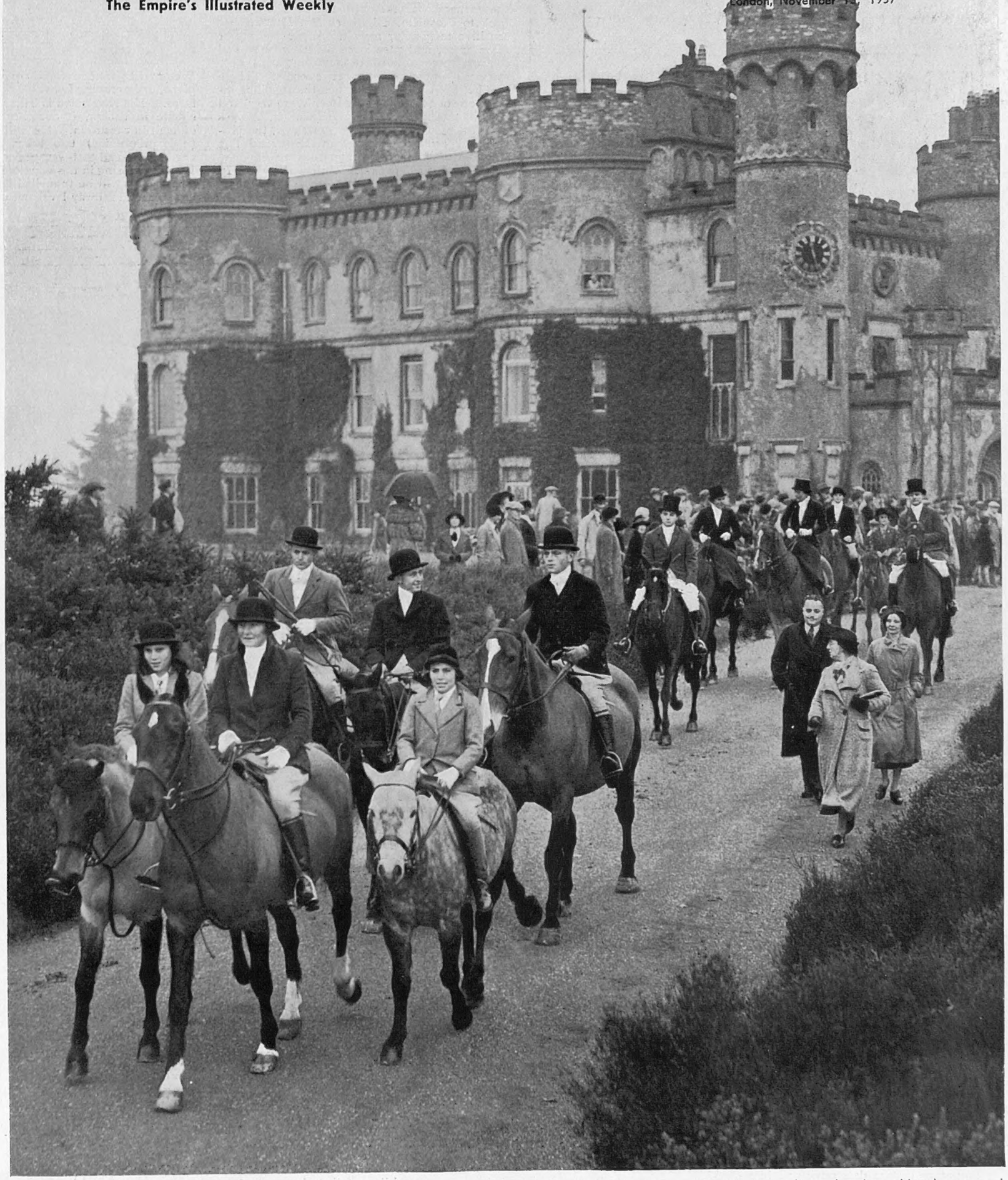
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 13, 1937



HUNTING COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

Followers of the Eridge Pack Moving off to the First Draw After the Opening Meet at Eridge Castle, Near Tunbridge Wells, Seat of the Marquess of Abergavenny

Hunts are rather like hospitals, in that they seldom have enough money but, somehow or other, still manage to keep going. At any rate, the chase is once again in full swing in the shires and provinces, and all connected with the sport, optimistic as ever, are looking forward to a bumper season, though fearful, perhaps, of the never-absent menace of foot-and-mouth disease which in the past has played its part in spoiling many a good year. Hunting is undoubtedly more democratic these days, claiming more and more enthusiasts from the City at the week-ends; and another significant change is the increasing number of first-class amateur huntsmen, some of whom are with the crack packs—such as the Meynell and the Cottesmore—and not to be beaten by any professional. Reports of the opening meets have been heartening, and there have been one or two really good runs in ideal scenting conditions, thanks in large measure to the timely arrival of rain and the improvement of conditions underfoot

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QUEEN MARY AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: Her Majesty inspecting one of the stands during her visit to the eleventh annual Exhibition and sale of goods made by war disabled ex-service men and their dependents. This display was officially opened by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent on November 5 and the work of some four thousand individual craftsmen is on view, much of it reaching a very high standard of excellence

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, November 10, 1937.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.

—Most people will be sorry that the Duke of Windsor's American tour is cancelled or postponed. Work of the nature he contemplates is necessary for his active mind and he is well qualified to make from his conclusions a useful contribution to the solution of outstanding social problems. It was a mistake to undertake the tour under the ægis of Mr. Bedaux, his friend, a fact which casts no reflection on Mr. Bedaux's ability and sincerity. But his system for industrial efficiency is and has always been disliked strongly by a section of Labour in the U.S., and for a tour such as this, in all the circumstances, no risks should have been taken of alienating *any* section of industry. Unfortunately the Duke is not, and never was, prone to ask or take advice. Had he submitted his proposals in detail for examination by his friends in England the risk inherent in the plan would have been instantly pointed out to him. But those most nearly interested in his welfare were faced with a *fait accompli*. It is a pity, and it remains to hope that at no distant date work and interests of a serious kind may be found for him which may suit his needs, circumstances, and abilities and that he will overcome obstacles and win over those who are critics, not of his motive but of the details of his plan.

SIR A. WAUCHOPE — A NOTE ON RESIGNATION.—

Whenever a public man resigns the public must try to discover some reason of a sensational kind to account for the fact. The simple truth is not enough. And the simple truth is that public men (especially in these days of intolerable stress) wear out like razor blades and must be replaced. When responsibility has worn one out and blunted his edges, another must take his place in the socket, and the more those edges are worn, the higher is the honour due to the old blade for hard work and good service. And this simile essentially fits Sir A. Wauchope and his last post of honour and responsibility. It is a thousand pities that Englishmen indulge in this silly inquisitiveness and for ever keep alive the fiction that to resign is to be convicted of incompetence. Why? Because public men to-day ought to be *encouraged* to resign much more freely than (alas!) they are. There ought to be spare parts available and fit to replace worn parts in every great office of State and administration, political, industrial, and religious. Only the wise and tiny minority know when they are worn out and past their best service. Lord Baldwin is a case in point. If only our statesmen, administrators, industrial leaders, church leaders, and schoolmasters possessed that last and greatest grain of wisdom, the Empire would be far better governed and run than it is. Of all our leaders there is only one who cannot be replaced and must not break under the strain of modern life, only one whose resignation clearly implies failure.

THE BUGSHOOTERS' VINDICATION.—

No better historical chart of our periods of chief military anxiety exists than the history of the Volunteer movement and of the Territorial force. During the last hundred and thirty years you can clearly mark these periods of stress by concessions reluctantly made by the War Office to the citizen army. When Napoleon was expected to throw an army into Britain, the volunteer movement was encouraged and Fencibles and Yeomanry officers might be observed rattling their swords in Jane Austen's polite drawing rooms, with quite an air of pride. The moment the menace was removed the volunteer sank back to obscurity, a butt for Mr. Punch, ever sensitive to popular moods. A new menace or scare arose, and once more a little money and a contemptuous word of encouragement were squeezed out for volunteer soldiers. There was need of them to strengthen the appalling inefficiency of our army in the Boer War period and from its seed rose many Territorial units. Always until the second year of the great war, the professional soldier's attitude to the second line was one of contempt or humorous toleration—the nicknames of the force clearly show it. In the great war we learned a lesson, the truth of which civilians had long suspected—that when it comes to modern war the professional army is nothing but a cadre, a seeded element among civilian fighters. Because of that ineradicable pre-war attitude, the vision and doggedness of Lord Haldane as a War Minister were appreciated by civilians and Territorials, and it seemed incredible that after the lessons of the war, there should be found in control at the War Office once more a shell-back clique of the Higher Command which was quite prepared to put the "Terrier" back in his kennel. But the civilian army had a longer memory and was no longer prepared to come at a whistle and to fade out at a kick. It was determined to show that a contemptuous pat on the back once a year during Army estimates was "not enough." It had not forgotten the apathy shown and the obstacles put in the way of its Territorial Associations during many decades. If after these lessons the War Office would not give the second line a fair deal, then the War Office could whistle in vain for recruits—to starve and discourage and record "on paper." Ministers of War came and went and such energy as they had broke in vain on the concrete wall of War Office pride and professionalism. Until one more era of panic came, and with it the doughty Mr. Belisha. And now at last (or while the present panic lasts) the Terrier is like to have a fair deal and tasty scraps from the dining-room table. I could almost wish that my days in the Yeomanry were not a mere memory of patriotism spurned, and quite needless discomfort and discouragement. It is not a very edifying history, that of the rise of the Territorial Army to recognition. As in most trades, it could only force its charter through by strikes and collective action in critical times—the only telling argument against vested interests.

TUBES FOR LONDON'S ROAD TRAFFIC.—

Sir Charles Bressey has worked for three years on plans for improving London's thoroughfares. His conclusion is believed to be simple in design, if complicated and difficult in execution. He will propose (it is prophesied) two tubes running north-south and east-west under Greater London crossing in the heart of London. These tubes will be tunnelled below the underground railway level and will have no junction tubes. Presumably he has satisfied himself that from the engineering point of view the scheme is feasible. Its advantages are obvious; have been to the average man for a decade and more; might have been to a statesman of vision as long ago as 1919. Through traffic would be taken off the streets; transport safety assured in war time. What a bitter reflection! If the scheme is possible to-day, it was possible in 1919. It is obvious and would have been obvious in 1919 to any Transport Minister of vision. Think if it had been set on foot fifteen years ago and if the money spent on temporary expedients, stunts, and experiments, had gone to the making of these essential tubes. It is an humiliating reflection for our statesmen, always assuming that the proposal is feasible from the engineering point of view.

HOLLAND HOUSE.—

Lord Ilchester has now completed the chronicles of Holland House from the building of it by Sir Walter Cope about 1600 until 1900. His two volumes *The Home of the Hollands* and *Chronicles of Holland House* are important, and instead of a conventional review of the new volume, I shall try to indicate more generally why they merit buying and reading. For three centuries Holland House has been one of London's most important palaces. Early in the nineteenth century Greville was justified in describing it thus: "It is the house of

all Europe; the world will suffer by its loss and it may with truth be said that it will 'eclipse the gaiety of nations'." A few years later Macaulay gloomily prophesied its coming end. To-day it remains still a private house in the occupation of "its own family." It may be fairly called the last survivor of London's great private palaces. In three centuries far-sighted owners, who loved the house and played their parts in English political and literary and artistic history, kept and stored and sorted and filed documents of first rate importance bearing on English politics, life and letters, fashions and customs. The cream of this evidence is now on record in print for all time, edited by a man peculiarly fitted for the task. Not many men to-day are fit to write about the annals (in particular) of the great days of the Whigs. Lord Ilchester is so fitted. He knows his house inside out. He has a sense of the past. He is extraordinarily accurate. It is devilish hard to convict him of error (P.S. Frances Trollope was the novelist's mother, not wife). He is duller, less witty, less wise than our forefathers and grandfathers who figure in the old dinner-books? Will the records of our own day, as filed at Holland House, be less interesting to read? When Lady Ilchester entertains at Holland House, do fewer pearls fall from the guests' lips of wit and wisdom? The answer I think is bound up in our changed habits. Leisure bred talk and leisure is wanting to-day. Potentially we are as wise and witty. Our minds have not deteriorated. On the contrary with healthier bodies we have gained in mental poise. We say less but perhaps we think the more. Certainly we have less time for recording what we hear of sense and pith, but I doubt if we are less interested in current politics and affairs of life or need admit to a lower intellectual standard. Luttrell and Macaulay, if they returned to-day to their accustomed seats in the great house, would not have it all their own way. Rather, we might convict them, the one of inexcusable idleness, the other of unjustified omniscience.

ARMISTICE SUNDAY IN LONDON: The scene after the opening of the Field of Remembrance, in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, which has once again been marked out into plots where all are invited, whether in groups or as individuals, to plant poppies or small wood crosses in memory of the fallen. Throughout the day people thronged there to pay homage while numerous special services were held throughout the country. The Duke of Windsor sent a badge cross which was planted on his behalf by Colonel C. R. Britten, commanding the Grenadier Guards

widely versed in contemporary memoirs and knows the intricate pedigrees of his subjects with unchallengeable accuracy. He has made these men and women *live* with a vividness which is as important as it is readable. Few novels are so exciting and this is a rare sort of historical novel, for its heroine is a thing of brick which yet breathes. It is an historical romance with a house for heroine. Will someone one day carry on the chronicles of Holland House from 1900 to 2000? Macaulay proved a Jeremiah. Do we also shake our heads needlessly? And if the great house survives this century, what then? Human nature is exactly the same as it was in 1800 and 1700 and 1600. Fashions for ever changed and since 1900 have perhaps acted and reacted with greater swiftness and more disconcerting variety. Are we

THE GIORGIONE PANELS.

—That these four panels ascribed to Giorgione have beauty and charm of a rare kind none will deny, and that they are important works of their period (now, if not at the time they were painted) is equally certain. I believe the general opinion is that they were executed between 1490 and 1510. But why ascribe them to Giorgione? Who can possibly justify the assumption or relate this early work to the only two or three pictures more or less substantially claimed for his authorship? No existing picture, I fancy, is *quite certainly* by Giorgione. If he painted the "Fête Champêtre" in the Louvre he himself would surely have let these "Damon-Thyrsis" panels remain anonymous as an immature work, unless he wished to document a development in technique without parallel in the course of a great artist's active life. For none can deny that the panels, lovely as they are, are crude, even clumsy, and that the painter who did them was *groping*. The amateur detective, by the way, might observe a "singular occurrence" which might lead him to suggest that *someone moved the body* of Damon. I refer to the seascape in panel four taking the place of mountain scenery which appears in the other three.

THE ZOLA FILM.

—How often in a year one is deceived by the extravagant praises of so-called book reviewers into reading a new novel or biography of no merit. How often by so-called critics of films into sitting through at least a part of a worthless film. The film cannot do everything. Much is possible to it which is denied to footlight drama, much is beyond it that is derived from the magnetism of the actor-in-the-flesh. But when a film is conceived and executed in a sincere desire to stick to truth, to play down to no section of the public, to resist cheap allurements, then the cinema can achieve great things—then the inevitable mistakes and slips, the perhaps inevitable adapting, redating, or portmanteau-ing of facts and incidents may be forgiven and are indeed justified in the triumph of a human drama presented with all the forces available to this dramatic vehicle and to no other. Such a film is *Emile Zola*. For what it is, it can hardly be overpraised. I have read nothing too extravagant in its behoof. It towers above other famous successes of its time and before it. Almost it revives my dying hopes of the great mission of the Film. It is exciting—yes. It is moving—yes, to tears. But, better than those things, it is elevating. Those who promoted it justify their faith, those who act in it increase their reputations, and all concerned deserve the reward that is surely coming to them.

SHORTER HOURS.

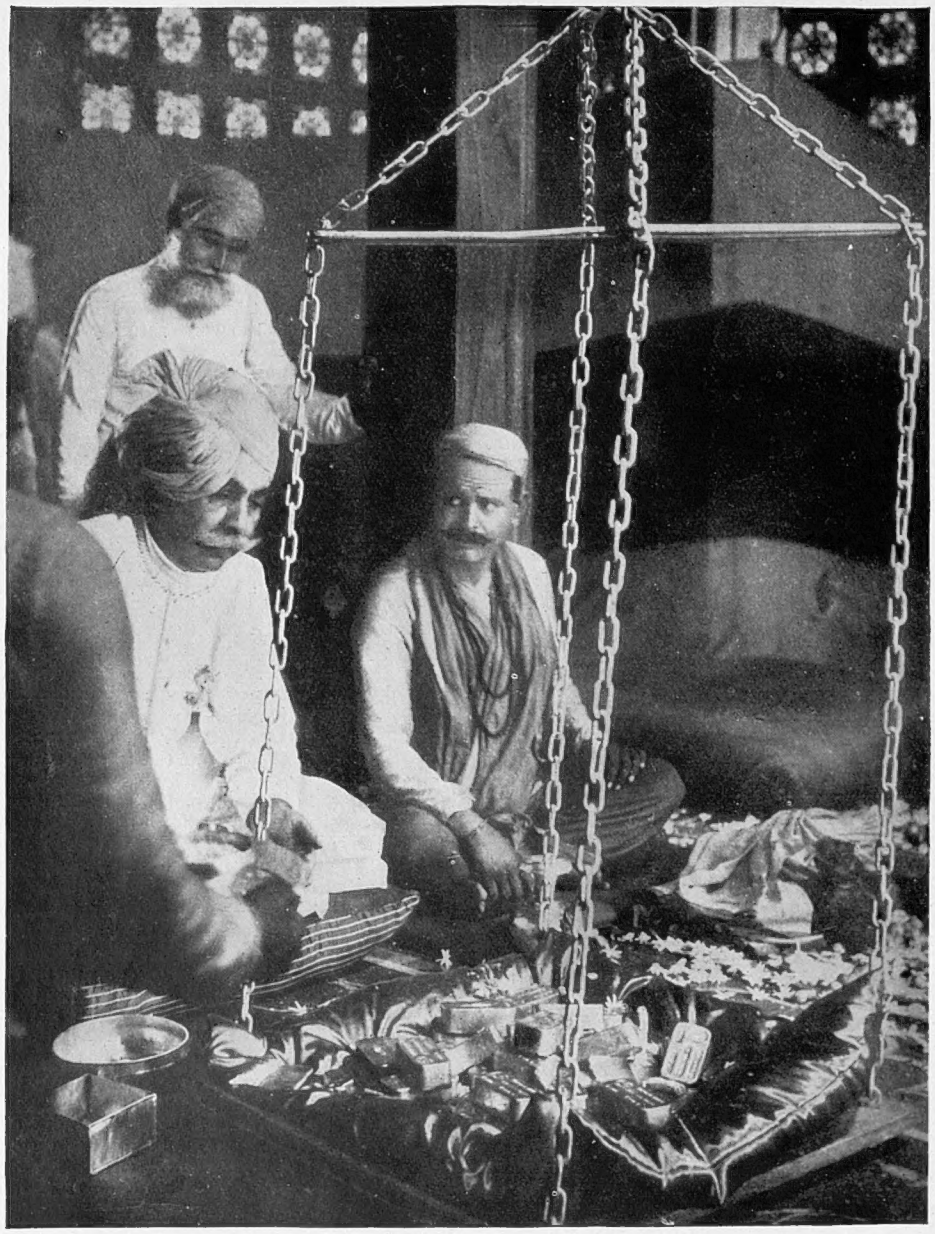
—I made the point a week or two ago that the theorists of industry and political economy use a different process of reasoning from that which governs the economy of the individual. They put the cart of idealism before the horse of hard facts. The individual who has lost money or credit takes off his coat and works harder to retrieve his position. The theorist, realising the importance of leisure rightly used and with a heart bleeding for those who must labour for long hours in dangerous occupations and under unhealthy conditions, seeks to cure the evil without reference to the stern dictates of simple economy. And no doubt theory might triumph if there were no such thing as industrial competition, and all the world could be brought into line. But the hearts of the nations do not beat as one, nor are the nations in one and the same stage of development or evolution. At a time when France's first experiment in introducing the 40-hour week as a political "gesture" was being swiftly proved an unworkable and unwarrantable ideal, at a time when the British export trade is constantly threatened by the flooding of the world's markets with goods produced by cheap labour working long hours, the T.U.C., once more and unequivocally, calls for a 40-hour week without reduction in wages for Britain. Germany is rapidly increasing her exports by means of longer hours and lower pay; Italy has set her face against higher wages while the economic blizzard lasts. In the East—at least before the war began—industrial production by workers whose standard of living is of the lowest, was capturing more and more of our markets. The figures of France's unhappy experiment are available—in coal alone she dropped an average of 2,000,000 tons per year and nearly doubled her imports of that commodity. In Britain the figures of hours worked during the first half of 1937 have been given as no more than 43'36, while wages showed a considerable increase over the corresponding period last year. If in the face of this increase in wages, hours of work be reduced by another 10 per cent. what becomes of our coal export trade? Perhaps this is one of the examples of the dangers of pure theory running riot among the brass-tacks, which may be tackled one day at Nuffield College, Oxford.

THE OLD STAGER

A CLASSIC ACTOR PASSES: A portrait in middle age of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson who died last Saturday at the age of eighty-four after a long illness. Of all the parts he played his *Hamlet* was perhaps the finest and as an interpreter of Shakespeare he has had few equals. He also reached unforgettable dramatic heights in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*

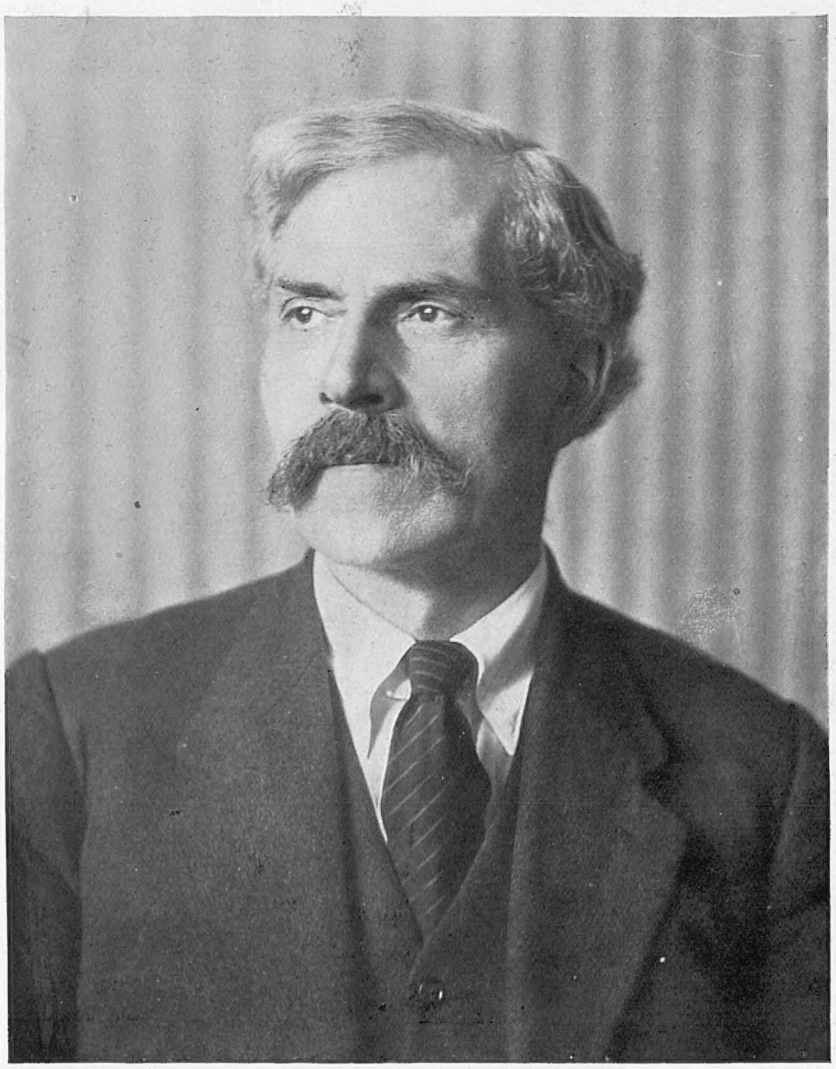
JEAN BATTEN HONOURED: The heroine of the Australia-England solo flight record chatting with Lord Londonderry, former Minister for Air, when she was the guest of honour and the only woman present at a dinner given by the Royal Aero Club at its Piccadilly headquarters. Miss Batten has the quality of looking as delightfully feminine in evening dress as she does boyish in flying kit

THE WEEK'S HEADLINES:

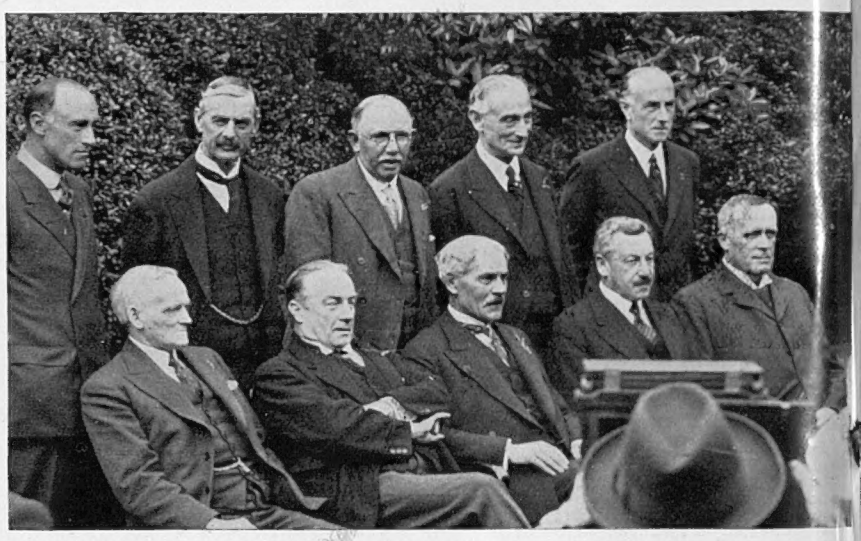


HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD: An interesting feature of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the reign of the Maharaja of Bikaner was the ceremony at which His Highness was weighed against bars of gold, the value of which was then estimated and cheques for an equivalent sum sent to State charities. The series of festivities in Bikaner came to an end last week with the visit of the Viceroy, His Excellency Lord Linlithgow

THE ANTI-RED FRONT: Mr. Hotta, the Japanese Ambassador to the Quirinal, putting his signature to the Italian-German-Japanese pact against Communism, which was signed on November 6 in the Hall of Victory at the Palazzo Chigi, Rome, Count Ciano acting for Italy and Herr von Ribbentrop (German Ambassador in London) acting for the Reich. The three countries



BRITAIN'S FIRST LABOUR PRIME MINISTER: An impression in middle age of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who died with great suddenness last Tuesday night while on the way out to South America for a holiday trip in the liner *Reina del Pacifico* with one of his daughters. His body has been embalmed and it will be landed at Bermuda



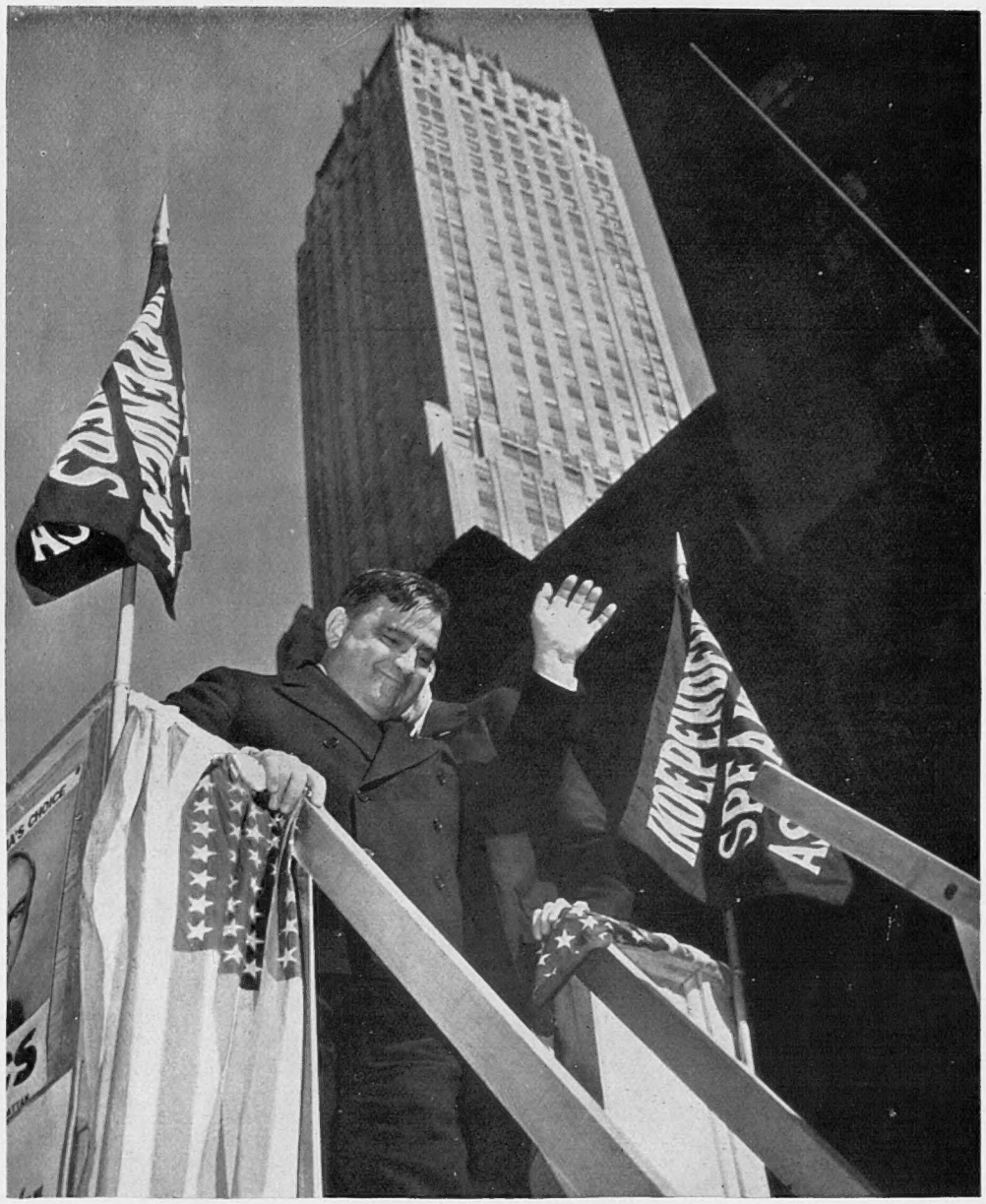
AS HEAD OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN 1931: The late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who after the momentous Sunday of August 23 formed the first National Ministry planned to overcome the financial crisis, pictured with Earl Baldwin, Sir Herbert Samuel, Viscount Snowden, Mr. N. Chamberlain, and other Cabinet colleagues

EARLY DAYS: This picture of Mr. MacDonald with his wife and two of his children was taken in 1910 when he was chairman of the Independent Labour Party and just about to enter on his duties as leader of the party in the House of Commons. His marriage was one of happiness, but was cut short by Mrs. MacDonald's early death

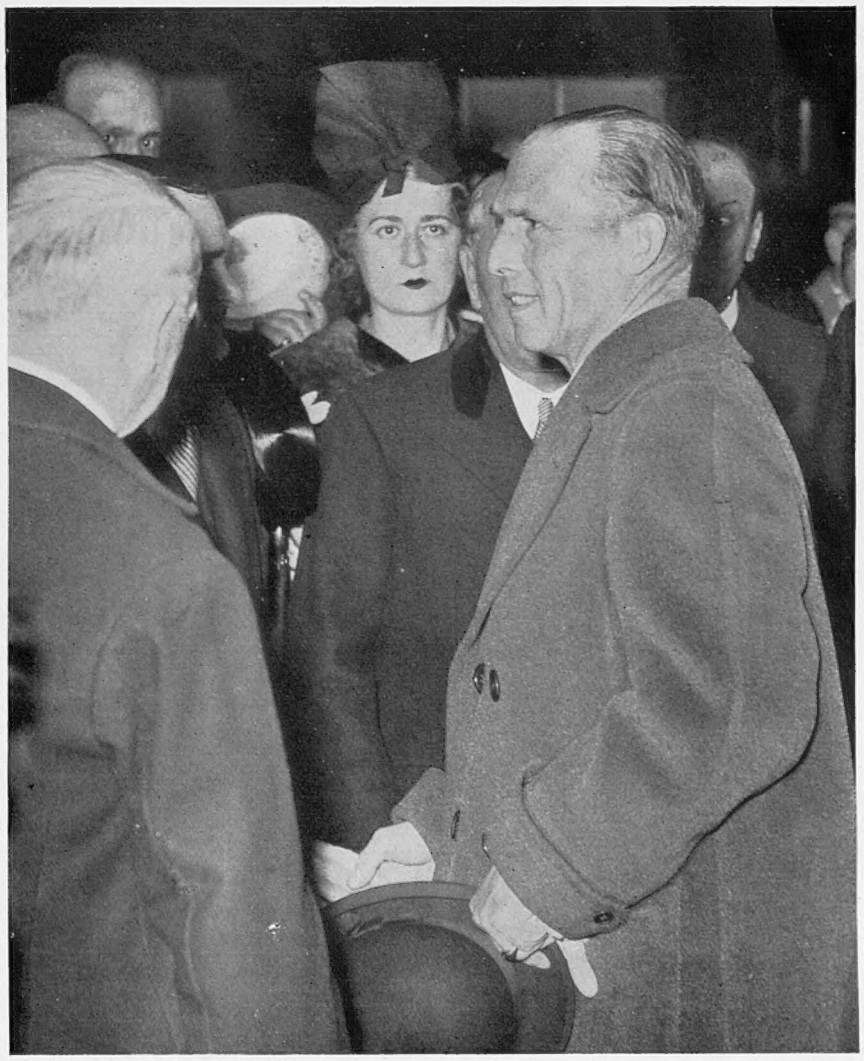
The Death of Ramsay MacDonald, Architect of the Labour Party's Fortunes: The Three-Power Anti-Communist Pact Signed in Rome: La Guardia Re-elected in New York

undertake to co-operate in measures of defence against Communist activities, particularly through the exchange of information. Count Ciano subsequently pointed out that the pact has no secret aims, describing it as "an instrument placed at the service of peace and civilisation which Fascism intends to defend and preserve against all dangers"

HIS LAST ACT AS A CABINET MINISTER: Mr. MacDonald leaving for Buckingham Palace in May of this year to be received by the King on resigning from the Cabinet. His health had suffered greatly through the strain of continuous years of office, but few realised the grave extent to which his constitution had been undermined



CHAMPION OF CLEAN GOVERNMENT: Mr. Fiorello La Guardia acknowledging the cheers of his supporters after addressing one of the final meetings in his campaign for re-election as Mayor of New York. He won a sweeping victory, gaining the biggest total of votes ever given to a candidate for this office, while Tammany, the organisation that for so many years held the civic political machine in its grip, received a staggering blow



THE KING OF THE HELLENES COMES TO LONDON: His Majesty, who has not been over here since his restoration, pictured on arrival at Victoria last Sunday at the start of his three weeks' visit. He is staying at Buckingham Palace and on Monday night was present at a banquet in company with King George and King Boris of Bulgaria

STRUGGLING CHINA:

Graphic Pictures Taken as Japanese Bombs Fell near the Settlement—

THE EFFECT OF BOMBING IN CHAPEI: Clouds of smoke intermingled with debris from a wrecked block of houses ascending high into the air during one of the almost hourly raids on this quarter of Shanghai preceding its evacuation by the Chinese troops which had held it for so long and so stubbornly in the face of tremendous odds. When the Japanese infantry finally occupied it, large areas were little more than a mass of smouldering ruins

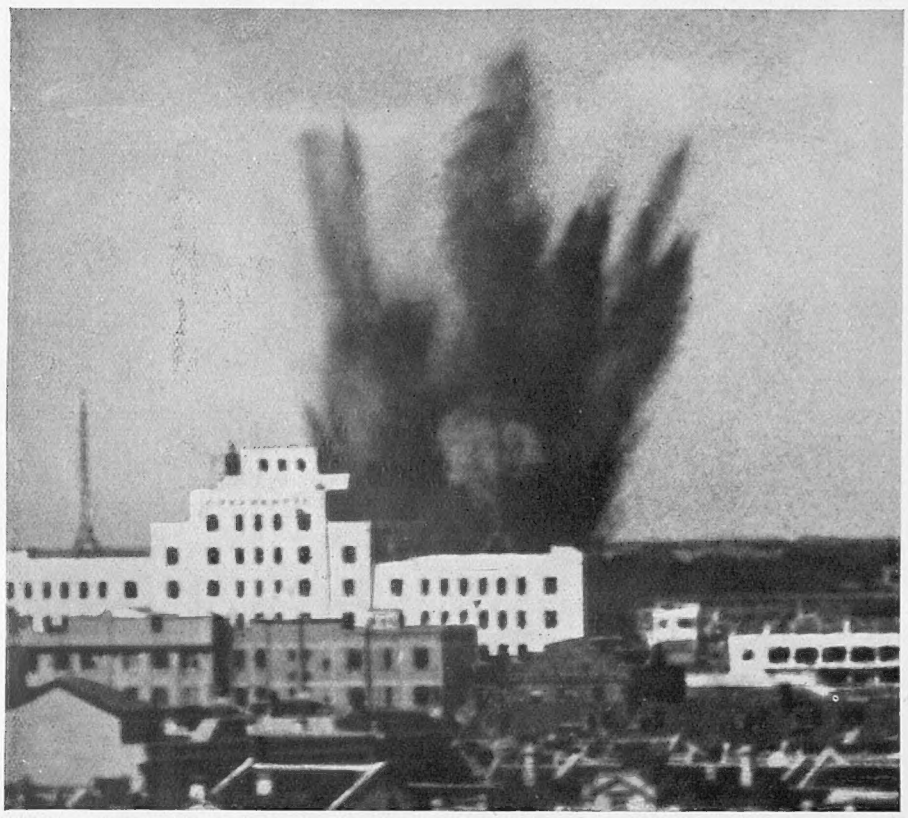
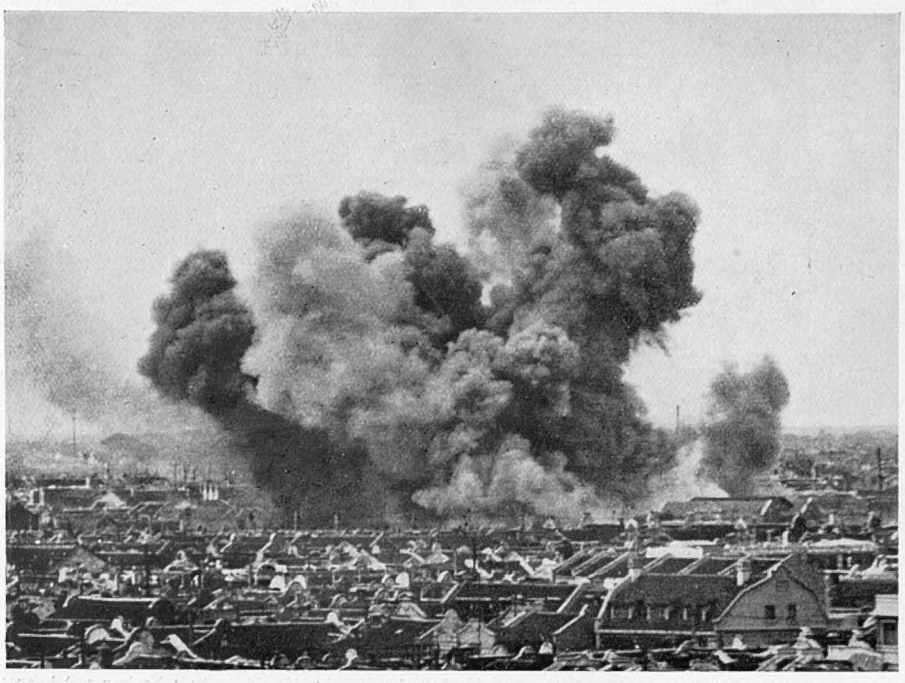
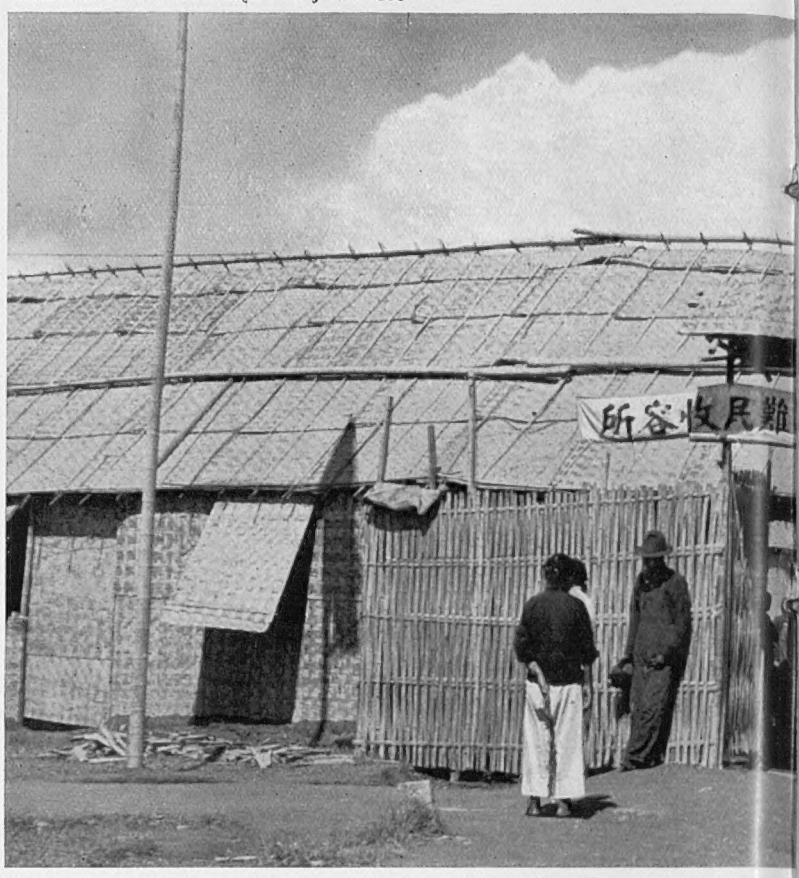


IMAGE OF DEATH: The modern Chinese railway headquarters building near the North Station seen as a Japanese incendiary bomb recorded a direct hit and clouds of smoke enveloped the place. The photographer who took this picture points out the formation of the smoke cloud, like a man's hand, noting also the resemblance to a skull in the centre of it



PRELUDE TO THE BIG THRUST: The scene near Markham Road Junction, Shanghai, after a block of buildings there was blown sky high. Throughout the campaign the Japanese have pursued this same policy of bombing intensively before sending their infantry forward



WHERE CHAPEI REFUGEES ARE BEING CARED FOR: This rudely constructed, temporary building has been set up on the outskirts of Shanghai under the auspices of the Red Cross Association in order to provide a temporary

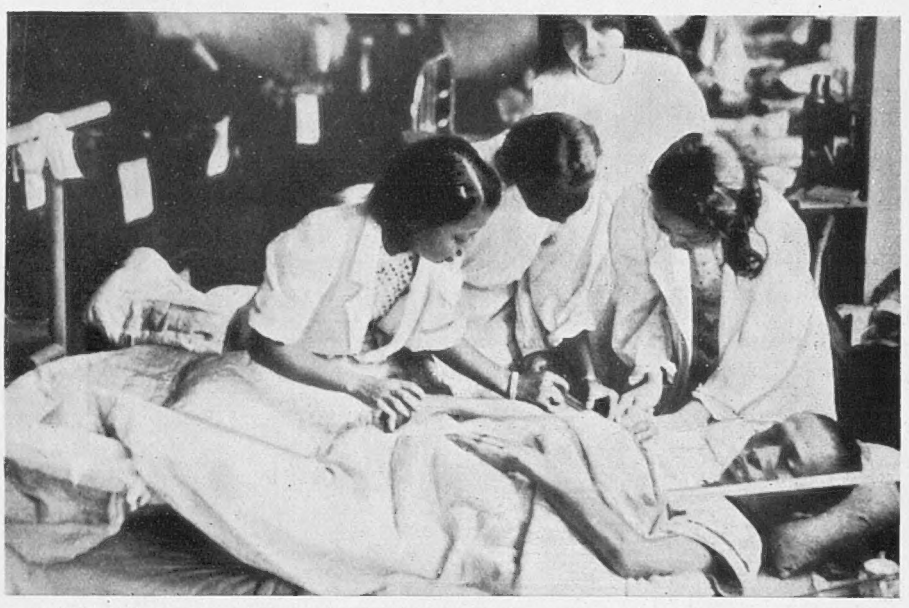
MEAL-TIME IN A CHINESE REFUGEE CAMP: A scene outside one of the many centres established by the Red Cross for the benefit of families rendered homeless in the Shanghai area, particularly those from the much bombed and

THE WAR FROM THE DEFENDERS' VIEWPOINT

The Plight of the Refugees—A University and a Cabaret as Hospitals

home for some of the hosts of Chinese rendered homeless in the havoc wrought by the Japanese bombs. The International Settlement is now so crowded that no more Chinese, however desperate their plight, are being admitted

NANKING IN WAR-TIME: A wrecked street after one of the many Japanese air raids on the Chinese capital which during the past month or so has been subjected to attack after attack. Things have been so well arranged there and the population is so well drilled that the invaders have up to now done comparatively little damage. They fly too high for the anti-aircraft guns but the Chinese pursuit planes have time and time again succeeded in taking the sting out of their attack, often indeed intercepting the invading squadrons



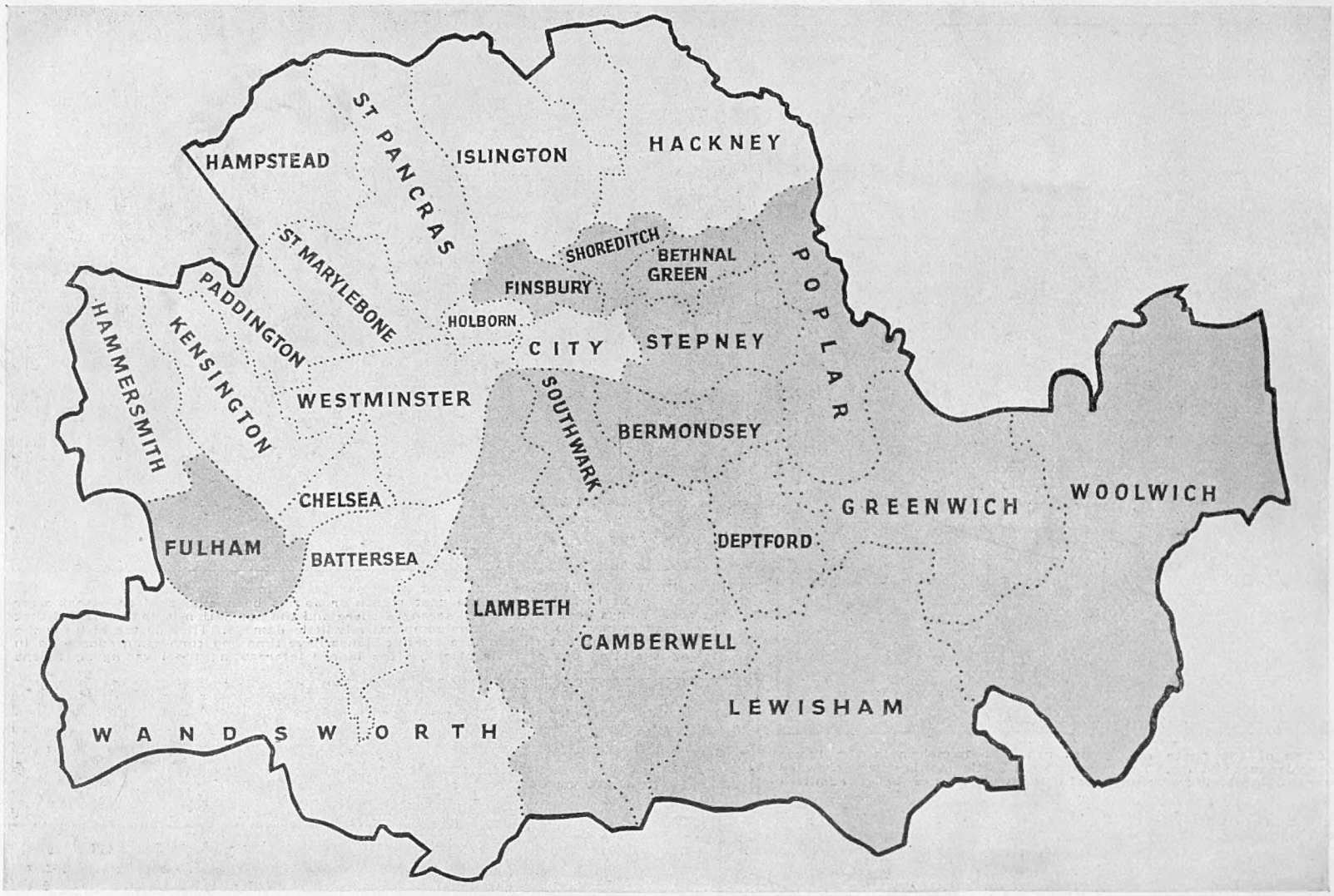
A UNIVERSITY TURNED INTO A HOSPITAL: Volunteer nurses attending to a wounded Chinese soldier in one of the lecture halls which has now been transformed into a ward for the more serious casualties. Every type of big build ng in Shanghai has had to be given over to Red Cross work and since the Japanese thrust the week before last, in which so many were injured, the existing accommodation has become tragically inadequate

much shelled Chapei quarter. Their situation is pitiful in the extreme and even when hostilities eventually come to an end they have little enough to look forward to as the property of most of them has been wrecked past all repairing

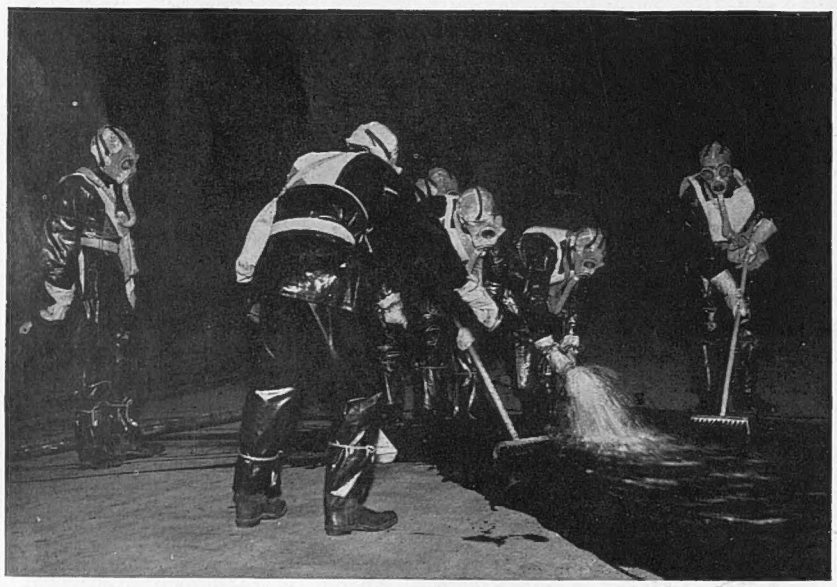
ONCE A POPULAR CABARET: The Lido, fashionable Shanghai night haunt, is now turned into a hospital. This overhead view was taken in one of the wards accommodating convalescents

UNPROTECTED LONDON:

A Sketch Map Reveals That Half the Boroughs Have Taken No Adequate Steps for the Defence of Civilians



2,000,000 PEOPLE HAVE NO AIR RAID PROTECTION in the London boroughs shown in the darker areas of this sketch map, for there the local authorities have not as yet put in hand any adequate measures of defence. This situation may be attributed in part to individual apathy and in part to the existing deadlock regarding in what proportion the cost of precautions should be borne by the ratepayers and in what proportion by the Government. The whole matter comes up for parliamentary review next week



THE AIR-DEFENCE EXERCISES OVER KENT: Naval ratings of Chatham Dockyard wearing respirators and protective suits when engaged in decontaminating after last week's mock raids which evidenced the elaborate nature of the defence measures in this region. Everything was done most realistically and effectively

SUPERVISING THE KENTISH DEFENCE MEASURES: Admiral Evans (Evans of the *Broke*), Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and Chief Constable Webster, of Gravesend, inspecting members of a rescue squad, one of whom was a parson, during last week's exercises in which men of the services and civilians co-operated most successfully

THAT London, which would be the most vulnerable city in the country during wartime and the first objective of an enemy air force, is far behind any other centre in civil preparations for the defence of non-combatants is the startling fact that has just been revealed, and it is known that the following London boroughs at the moment have no plans in hand at all:—

Poplar, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Greenwich, Bermondsey, Southwark, Camberwell, Deptford, Fulham, Stepney, Woolwich, Lambeth, Lewisham, Finsbury.

The boroughs which have prepared satisfactory schemes are Hammersmith, Westminster, Chelsea, Marylebone, Paddington, Holborn, Wandsworth, Hampstead, Kensington, St. Pancras, Stoke Newington, City of London, Battersea, Hackney, and Islington.

As noted above the cause of the delay is partly financial, many of the local authorities urging that the whole of the cost of civilian protection should be paid out of national defence funds. The whole matter will be thrashed out when the second reading of the Air-Raid Precautions Bill is discussed in the House of Commons early next week and there is every reason to suppose that an amicable settlement will be reached.

At any rate whatever Parliament may decide regarding finance the local authorities have made it clear that they will be prepared to co-operate in the carrying out of precaution schemes when once the Bill is on the Statute Book, and the Bill itself is designed to remove any doubts which may exist concerning the power of those local authorities to carry out such schemes. In England and Wales plans will be submitted by the councils of county boroughs and, after consultations with county districts, by county councils.

In London the Government will have to deal with the County Council and with the Metropolitan borough councils. The L.C.C. will be the authority for submitting a fire-precaution scheme, and the allocation of other duties between the County Council and the borough councils will be decided by an Order made by the Home Secretary.

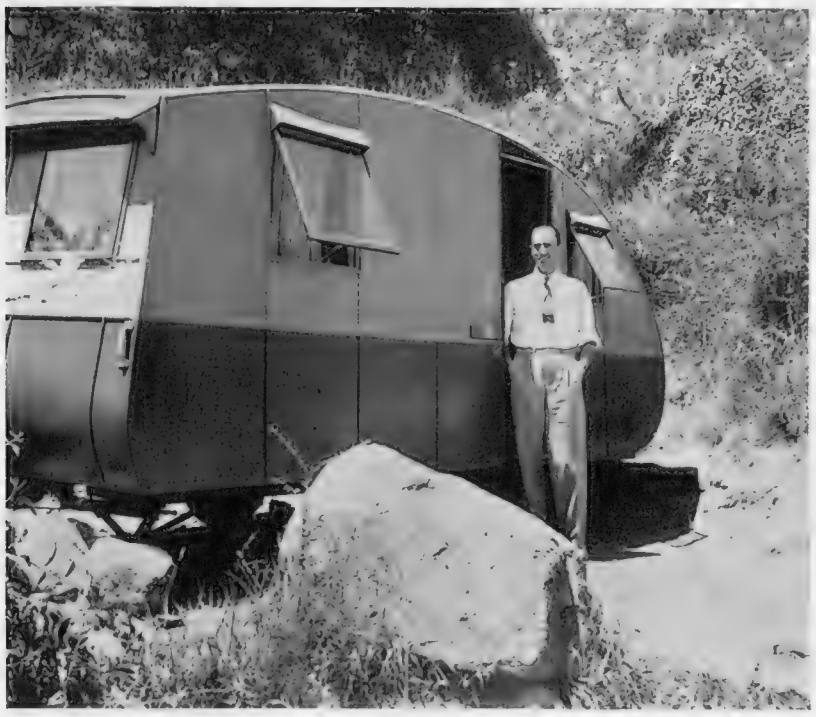
Fire-fighting appliances in excess of normal requirements will be paid for nationally, and the Bill defines how the cost of the local services is to be apportioned. The local authorities are divided into four groups on the basis of the Ministry of Health's block grant scheme. According to present plans the richest authorities will receive 60 per cent. of their expenditure on approved schemes from the National Exchequer and this proportion will rise in the other three groups to 65, 70, and 75 per cent.

The Government do not anticipate that on the average the cost to the local authorities will exceed the produce of a penny rate, but the Bill provides that where that amount is exceeded, the Treasury will bear 75 per cent. of the cost above the penny rate in the case of the two richer groups of authorities and 85 per cent. in the case of the two other groups.

In a Home Office reply, issued last week, to the local authorities' claim that the present financial proposals of the Government would impose an unjust and unequal burden on the local ratepayer in respect of what is essentially and undeniably a national responsibility, it is estimated that during the next three or four years the total expenditure on air raid precautions services will amount to approximately £32,000,000, and that during this period the average annual expenditure chargeable to the local authorities will be well below £1,000,000—a figure substantially less than the product of a penny rate.

NON-INTERVENTION PATROL | SPAIN | BURGOS, SALAMANCA, MADRID

The Work of the British Observers on the Portuguese Border : New Pictures from Both Sides of the Lines in the Peninsula



WATCH ON THE FRONTIER: A British observer, charged with the task of reporting to the League if any war material should cross into civil-war-ridden Spain, standing beside his caravan at a lonely spot on the northern border of Portugal. A picture that has just come to hand and, with the others on this page, gives an interesting insight into one phase of the operation of the non-intervention agreement. The patrol is at present in abeyance, but it may possibly be renewed

FRANCO REVIEWS HIS ITALIAN TROOPS: The rebel Generalissimo passing down the lines on the parade ground at Burgos after decorating some of the Blackshirt Legionaries who had assisted him in the long campaign in the north which came to an end last month with the fall of Gijon, last stronghold on the Cantabrian coast. Over 700 Italians have been killed in the civil war to date according to an official statement recently issued from Rome

WHERE THEIR CARAVAN RESTED: Two British observers on the Portuguese-Spanish frontier busy making tea outside their quarters. Nearly all the patrolmen very soon established friendly relations with the poorer elements among the local peasantry, and it was not long before children were flocking in to have their cuts dressed and their elders came to get medicine and, if possible, cigarettes

A BIG WEDDING AT SALAMANCA: Doloros Primo de Rivera, sister of the Spanish dictator in the closing years of the monarchy, leaving the church of St. Etienne with her bridegroom, Señor Agustin Aznar, a leading rebel supporter

FRONTIER TYPES: *Left*—A Portuguese Guardia Fiscal and a Spanish Carabinero pictured together on the international boundary at Quntimilha where the main Bragança-Zamora road crosses from Portugal into Spain and where, during the non-intervention patrol, one of the League of Nations observation posts was established. *Right*—A Portuguese road-mender wearing broad-brimmed headgear—quite a character—who showed a great desire to fraternise with the visitors

SINGER TURNED SOLDIER: Señor Nimo Ortega, a well-known performer on the concert platforms of Europe, is now fighting for the Government cause on the Madrid front and is pictured (left) entertaining his comrades with a song

THE DUTCH FORCES TO-DAY: *Above on left*—High naval officers inspecting a new type anti-aircraft gun during the large scale air defence exercises held recently in and around Amsterdam. *Above on right*—Soldiers resting in a barn at the end of a long and tiring day during the autumn manœuvres which, significantly enough, were on a more than usually elaborate scale this year

A NEW AND MORE DEADLY MACHINE GUN: This type, which was much in evidence at the Dutch autumn manœuvres, is so adapted that it can if necessary be used against aeroplanes, the high tripod making it possible for the operator to sweep the sky in all directions. Its range is somewhat longer than that of the ordinary machine-gun but it is intended essentially for dealing with low flying machines attacking trench positions

HAYSTACK INTERLUDE: Dutch despatch riders taking their mid-day meal during the manœuvres. Every Dutch citizen between 19 and 40 and, in certain circumstances, every resident in the Netherlands is liable for service

REVEILLE: Calling the men from their billets; another picture taken during the recent Dutch Army manœuvres

HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER FRONTIERS

The Neutral of 1914-18 Finds Cause For Fear and Hastens to Put An End to Her Present State of Vulnerability

By ROY ELSTON

Even little Holland, in modern times a land that has set her hopes on maintaining neutrality, has felt bound at last to look to her frontiers — seeing no security in a troubled Europe and only danger ahead for herself. In the following article a "Sphere" correspondent, intimately in touch with Dutch affairs, tells us something of the nature of the country's fears and on what basis they are grounded:—

EVERY nation must look to its fences. There are wild beasts on the prowl, which are not less frightening because their species and intentions are unknown. The world is in a scare and it probably has good cause for it. Even if the cause were a fantastic bogy—and, clearly, it is not—disaster would still be inherent in the mere condition of fear; and the more pacts, agreements, protocols, and what-not of the inflated diplomatic currency of the day, the more profound the fear.

A wit has remarked that under the terms of the Briand-Kellogg Pact the nations of the world have solemnly promised not to label their hostilities War. Thanks to their prudence, the world is still technically at peace.

One trouble is that war has acquired an anonymity that hides its approach and bamboozles its judges. The indeterminate enemy has therefore become a conviction of every country in Europe and most of those outside, with the result that we are all arming feverishly against an incalculable fear, which, if nothing happens to clear the air, must ultimately end in international conflict.

The threat is the more acute because of the fluid character of modern frontiers. Scientific methods of warfare have extended strategical frontiers far beyond the boundaries fixed by geographic, political, and economic tradition. In a general European war much of Europe that lies east of the Rhine must, in the natural course of things, be ranged against the countries lying west of the Rhine, including Britain.

There is a very considerable gap in that frontier. It is the Dutch Rhine, and the Dutch frontier north to the sea. From Switzerland to the Belgo-Dutch junction, every gate can be locked and barred, and it would take months, perhaps years, of systematic mining to effect even the most trifling breaches. From the Belgo-Dutch frontier north to the sea lies a stretch of more or less open country which a mechanised army could slip through in the course of a few hours.

Holland, according to some writers, is to assume the traditional mantle of Belgium and become the battlefield of the future.

The strategical position of Holland has changed completely since 1918. Apart from anything else, a nation unorganised on a military basis will in future have very little time to prepare for a possible enemy offensive. In 1914, Queen Wilhelmina had the Dutch mobilisation orders signed at 4 p.m. on July 31, twenty-five hours before the Kaiser had signed the German mobilisation orders in the Schloss at Berlin. There will be no such gain the next time. Nor will what Ludendorf called Bethman-Hollweg's *unglückselige* declaration be repeated by Germany or any other potential invader.

According to one Dutch military authority a surprise offensive from the East would meet with hardly any difficulty on the Dutch frontier. He declares that if such an offensive were to begin at 10 p.m. the invaders could be in Rotterdam and The Hague by 7 o'clock the next morning. Although this view is shared by various strategists, it seems more than a little exaggerated, and implies an almost total absence of opposition. The fact remains, however, that given reasonable luck, and assuming the Dutch defences to be no better than they seem, the invaders could be in occupation of air bases and the North Sea harbours before adequate measures could be taken by, say, England, to come to the support of the Dutch. The possession by an enemy of the Dutch air bases and harbours would strike England at her weakest spot.

Holland's neutrality has always been an essential feature of our foreign policy. Elizabeth realised the importance of it, and supported the Dutch against Spain, though asking the southern harbours in bond. We came to Holland's help again in 1674, when she was threatened by France; and again under William III when Louis had determined to get possession of the Rhine mouth. During the Napoleonic occupation we twice tried to get a footing in Holland. Strategically important to us in those days, it is doubly so to-day.

Why? In the first place those harbours and air bases. The action-radius of modern bombers, except in the case of a few so-called air-cruisers, is too small to make effective bombing of English towns possible from east of the Rhine. There can be no need to emphasise the importance of such harbours as Amsterdam and Rotterdam as naval bases generally and submarine bases in particular.

And why Holland this time, and not Belgium; or for that matter, France? For the simple reason that the French and Belgian defences would hold up an offensive for so long that, even supposing it could get through in the end, the element of surprise would be lost, and a very large part of the attacker's strength would be battered to pieces. The manœuvre to avoid Dutch Limburg in 1914 pressed Von Gluck's First Army through a bottle-neck in which it was almost choked; lost it three marching days; prevented the encircling of the English at Condé-Mons; and saved the Anglo-French retreat from becoming a rout. It should not be difficult to reckon up what that three days' hold-up cost Germany.

The Limburg manœuvre was difficult in 1914; it is to-day almost impossible. The Belgian defences are a worthy extension of the Maginot line, and the Belgian army a magnificent and effective unit compared with its predecessor of 1914. It is difficult to see how any offensive from the East, with France and Britain as its objective, can penetrate at any point except Holland; and in doing so it will merely be following plans that have been put forward at various periods since 1905 by famous German soldiers.

The latest known plan involving an advance "over Roermond" and the occupation of the

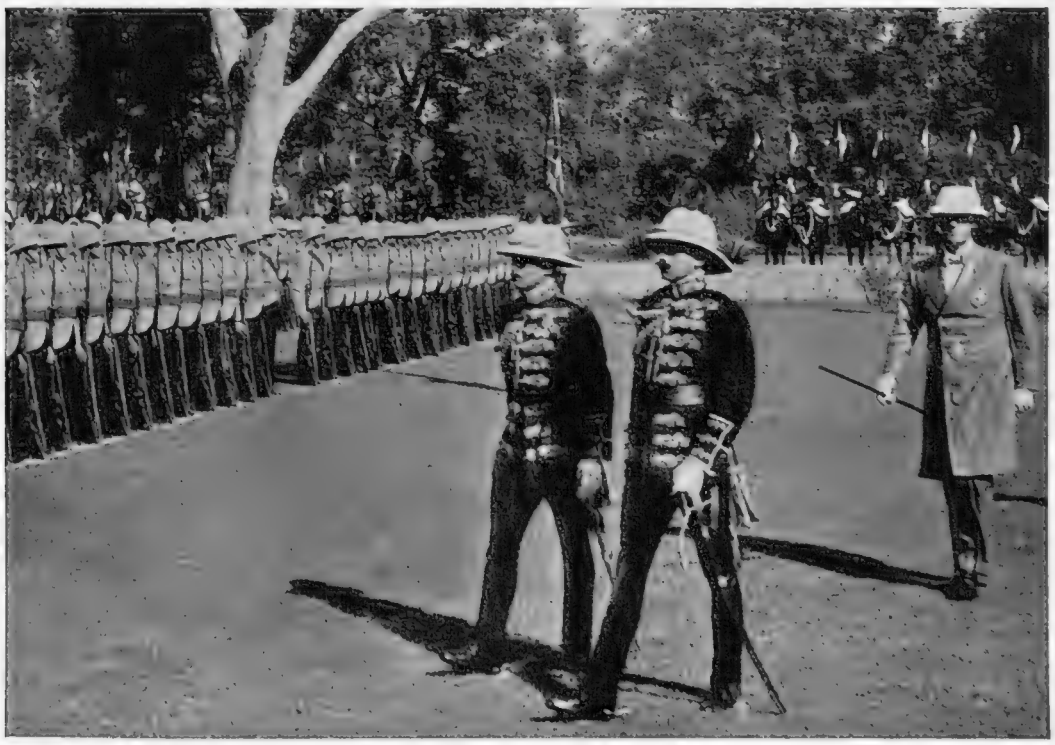
(*Continued on page* 294)

SPHERE SURVEY

THE 25th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF KUMANOVO, in which the Serbians defeated the Turks, was celebrated a few days ago at Skoplye, Yugoslavia, when Prince Paul visited the town and unveiled monuments to the late King Alexander and his father King Peter I. His Royal Highness is pictured above on arrival. *Right*—The march past of peasants in their picturesque costumes

THEY CONTROL ART IN RED RUSSIA: Madame Krupskaia (centre), Lenin's widow, presiding at a meeting of the Art Commission in the library of the Moscow Club for Culture. She is still to a certain extent a power among the Soviets, although many of her husband's colleagues of the early days have met untimely ends her intervention having failed to save them

WHEN MADRID WRITES TO SEVILLE OR BARCELONA TO SAN SEBASTIAN it is impossible for letters to be delivered in the normal way as there is, of course, no mail service between red and rebel territory. To solve the problem the International Red Cross Association has set up an emergency organisation, Spaniards wishing to communicate with friends or relatives living on the other side writing their messages on specially provided forms and sending them to a clearing house in Geneva where, as depicted here, they are sorted and re-despatched to their destination. The system is said to be working most effectively



LORD LINLITHGOW AT LAHORE: The Viceroy of India reviewing troops on arrival in the capital of the Punjab on his first official visit since taking over from Lord Willingdon. Impressive scenes marked the state entry and the city was en fête throughout the Viceregal party's four-day stay. In an important speech made in the Durbar Hall His Excellency referred at length to the operation of the new constitution which, he contended, was successfully over-riding the many difficulties facing it in the initial stages

ROMAN RELIC FOUND IN VIENNA: Workmen engaged in digging out a stone sarcophagus, believed to weigh about 1½ tons and brought to light by street repairers during operations in the Ballhausplatz. Before its importance was realised it was badly scarred by the picks

THE JAPANESE ADVANCE ON SHANGH

IN THE WAKE OF THE CONQUERING ARMY: A Japanese artillery wagon and pack animals bringing up ammunition supplies to meet the needs of the left wing as it made its spectacular advance from the outskirts of Shanghai to the very heart

THE TIDE OF LIFE FLOWS BACK: In captured Hongkew a measure of normality has been restored, and Japanese soldiers, on leave from the front line, throng the side-walks of this quarter inspecting the various wares offered for sale

A GHOSTLY TROOP: A detachment of Japanese infantry, enveloped in great groundsheets which also protect their kit and with their rifles shrouded, advancing along a lane turned into a muddy morass by the recent the Shanghai pares very

CONQUERING ICONOCLASTS: Japanese troops making mock of a statue of Sun Yat Sen, hero of the Chinese revolution

HOW JAPANESE TROOPS KEEP FIT: the Whangpoo river and the Yangtze —an item of their daily routine. They are

AI: Varying Aspects of the Invading Army's Activities in the Neighbourhood of the International Settlement—Advance of the Supply Columns

of the Chapei quarter. Communications in this part of the front have been easy to maintain, good metalled roads stretching right along the path of the advance, but farther north things have been very different

ANOTHER OBJECTIVE GAINED: Japanese infantrymen advancing cautiously through a ruined building from which the Chinese had been driven in a long range attack. Sometimes, however, the only course has been to take such places at the point of the bayonet

torrential rains. The picture was taken in the northern part of front, probably in the region of Lotein and Luihang, and com- interestingly with that reproduced at the top of these pages

Members of the garrison at Woosung, near the confluence of estuary, engaged in skipping in the road outside their barracks fine physical specimens, these men, with undoubted stamina

SCOUTING AMONG THE REED BEDS: A Japanese reconnaissance man cautiously advancing through country affording good cover in the marshy regions between Kiangwan and the Whangpoo river where there was considerable fighting for many weeks until the invaders finally broke through into Chapei

THE DEAD SEA YIELDS UP ITS WEALTH: A panoramic view of the potash evaporating pans, covering an area of some 500 acres, from which salts for fertilising the soil are being obtained in considerable quantities. It is hoped eventually to bring production up to 100,000 tons annually, a large proportion of which will be sold for export. At the moment, however, much of the potash is being used to aid agriculture in the Holy Land

BRINE-LADEN WATER emerging from pipes into a canal when being pumped from the southern end of the Dead Sea. It flows eventually into the evaporating pans and there the process of extracting the salts takes place

SALTS *from* SODOM

And Other Aspects of Life by the Dead Sea's Health-Giving Waters

IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY: A woman helper, engaged in running the potash workers' camp, pauses by the ice box for a cooling draught

SINCE British industrial enterprise started seven years ago to make what lies beneath the "bitter and imprisoned waters" of the Dead Sea of some service to mankind, surprising things have happened on the shore. One Briton at least has his comfortable home there.

The brine of the sea is its wealth and its delight. In it you can be cured of your lumbago without fear of sinking. Gazing heavenwards as you float on your back, realising at last that nature is wonderful, you may let your eyes stray to the summit of the Moab hills across the sea. There stood Moses, enjoying the nameless thrill which the sight of the Promised Land gave him. Farther south, Herod had his palace, where he put to death John the Baptist before he was out-Heroded and enriched by that phrase the English tongue.

To some people these associations may mean nothing. Yet few can reflect without some awe that here stood Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed, science now says, by a cataclysm as complete as any the world has ever seen. Earth, fire, water, air—the four elements—all took part, leaving only a "hole in the earth" which, filling with water, they called the Dead Sea, 1,300 ft. below sea level,

The sea is in no sense a sea, and dead only in the sense that no fish can live in it. Into it every year the Jordan pours 6,000,000 tons of water. But it makes no difference, for out of it the sun takes by evaporation the same amount.

Though racial strife is always imminent elsewhere in Palestine life by the Dead Sea proceeds peacefully enough. That lone Briton, of whom we spoke, Colonel S. G. Tulloch, consulting engineer to the potash concern, built his house on the site of a Roman villa, remains of which he found. With buffalo grass from Australia he has made a lawn, and planted trees. Around him, at a suitable distance, are the concrete-like mud dwellings for Jew and Arab workers, among whom all is harmony.

Then, close by, is the budding health and pleasure resort which, since they had to call it something, they called Kallia. If only Palestine would settle down, Kallia might challenge Luxor as a health resort. Experts, at least, are enthusiastic about its possibilities. You absorb more oxygen with every mouthful of air than in most places. The pressure is so great, and this, added to the density of the surface brine in the Dead Sea itself, makes it a natural spa. Its surroundings, too, are of matchless beauty and interest, and care has been taken, when building the potash works and other buildings, not to spoil them.

As it is, Kallia, which already has a restaurant, dance-hall, and lido, and will shortly have a hotel costing £20,000, is often thronged. A month ago, 800 people came over from Jerusalem, 25 miles away, to dance and bathe. On another occasion, as many as 2,000 came in one night. Most of them could only bathe, or only dance in relays. For dancing there is no permanent dance band.

For some time there has been talk of building a vast auditorium near Kallia, for the performance of Passion plays—a greater Oberammergau. But this project, like many others in Palestine, must wait until more peaceful times. If it ever came to anything there would be one advantage enjoyed by few places on earth. This is the long-range audibility of the human voice by the Dead Sea, which makes it possible to hear someone whispering 100 yards away. Visibility also is remarkably good. You can see 140 miles with the naked eye, a phenomenon encountered in Australia and South Africa. The Dead Sea is 47 miles long and 9½ across, and the least object is distinguishable from the farthest point.

It would be easy to predict a great future for the region round the Dead Sea. The heat is not unbearable, except at mid-day, when all work ceases for the day. But there is compensation in the wind that rises up over the surface, and gathers force as the heat becomes more intense, dying down again with the sun.

Charles Rigby

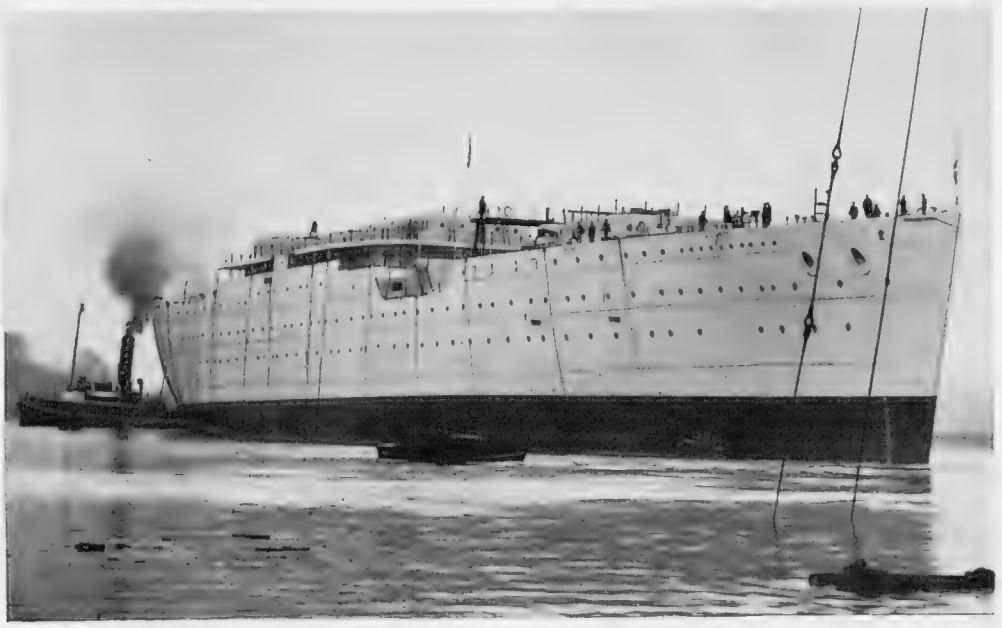
AT WORK IN THE EVAPORATING PANS: *Left*—One of the sluice gates controlling the level of the brine-laden water and *(right)* Arab labourers heaping up the salts in readiness for loading on to wagons on the narrow gauge track seen in the background and despatch to the factory. The men wear high rubber boots to protect their legs from the action of the salts

STALACTITES OF SALT hanging down from fissures in the wooden pipes that carry the brine-laden water from the Dead Sea to the evaporating pans

NATURE'S TRACERY: This beautiful effect, reminiscent of coral, is often seen among the salt formations

MAINLY MARITIME: *Launchings for Navies of the New and Old Worlds*

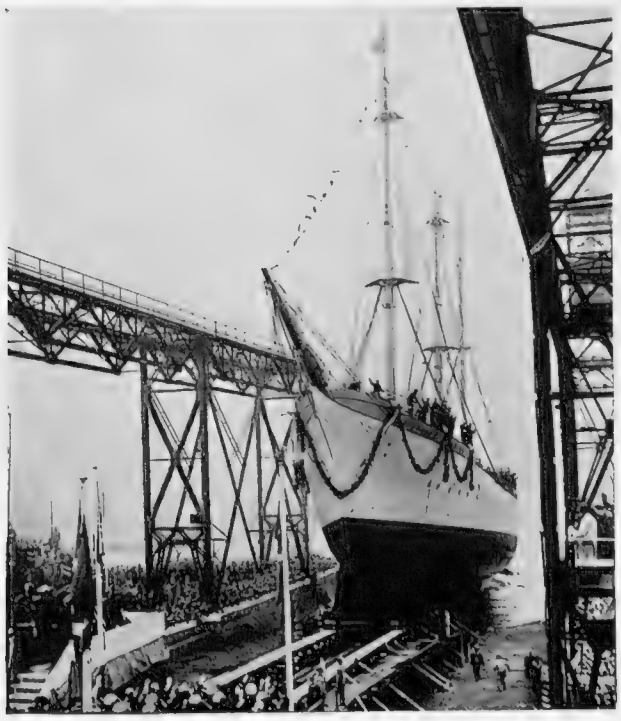
THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST RIVETLESS SHIP LAUNCHED: The electrically-welded 17-knot minesweeper, *Seagull*, taking the water at Devonport Dockyard after being named by Mrs. Davies, the wife of Commodore R. B. Davies, V.C.



A FLOATING WORKSHOP: The depot and submarine repair ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*, being manœuvred into her fitting-out basin after being launched from John Brown's yard at Clydebank. Her tonnage will be 15,000 and her equipment will include a foundry, and in fact everything necessary for maintaining her satellite craft. She was laid down under the 1935 estimates and is one of many vessels now under construction on the Clyde where the value of Admiralty contracts is reckoned at £35,000,000

WARSHIPS FOR THE ARGENTINE: The destroyer *Santa Cruz* being launched from Cammel Laird's Birkenhead yard which is building two of the seven ships of this class. The orders for the other five have been divided between John Brown on the Clyde and Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness

FIRE STATION ON WHEELS: The Blackpool Brigade's emergency tender, designed by Chief-Officer T. A. Varley and built locally, is something of a novelty, its equipment including asbestos suits, electric tools, respiration apparatus, a loudspeaker for broadcasting orders, a powerful searchlight, and many other items. A cine-camera is also carried to take shots as evidence submissible in the courts



CALCUTTA'S NEW BRIDGE: Caisson sinking in progress for the foundations of the great structure being built across the Hooghly at this point in order to replace the old pontoon bridge seen in the distance. *On left*—The sailing, training ship, *Leo Schlageter*, named after one of the heroes of the Third Reich, being launched at Hamburg in the presence of Admiral Raeder. This is the third vessel of this type to be built in Germany of recent years; training in sail being held in high regard there

THE PROBLEM OF DAY-OLD CHICKS: How to determine their sex before they are three weeks old is a matter of vital economic importance to the British poultry farmer and there are very few men, beyond the Japanese experts, with sufficient knowledge to do this accurately

RATIONALISATION: Making poultry pay, as everyone knows, is a difficult job, and many a skilled farmer has had to resign himself to failure. By penning the layers as shown here, however, increased output is obtained and it is possible to keep a constant check on each bird. The poor layers are very quickly weeded out

The China War *and the* British Poultry Farmer

An Eastern Conflict that may have Unexpected Repercussions in the West

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE Japanese invasion may be hell for China, but it can be paradise for the English poultry farmers. In two days' time the Trade and Navigation returns issued by the Board of Trade containing the statistics about Chinese eggs imported in shell or in liquid form during October will be published, and one can expect a heavy drop. The September figures already showed a 56 per cent. decrease on September, 1936. Actually this country imports over £2,000,000 worth of Chinese eggs "not in shell" annually, and another £500,000 worth in shell. This trade is bound to dwindle, and as the demand will have to be supplied it should react in favour of English poultry farmers.

True, the importers have probably large stocks on which they can draw temporarily. Last August the more far-sighted firms imported 129 per cent. more than in August 1936. They guessed what was coming. Sooner or later, however, the Chinese-Japanese war is bound to do good to our poultry farmers. It is, by the way, the big catering firms which buy these Chinese eggs "not in shell" for cakes and pastries. And already in several cases their price is going up.

According to the latest statistics there are 500,000 poultry farmers in England and Wales, although every year over 2,000 go bankrupt. The poultry industry was the last branch of agriculture to feel the effects of the 1931 slump. To-day it is worse off than the rest. Growers of cereals, producers of beef, growers of fruit and of beet, are all in receipt of assistance in one form or another, and if the poultry industry is to survive assistance is also essential here. Over half what an egg-laying fowl eats is wheat in one form or another, and the fluctuation in the price usually has an upward tendency.

The importance of the poultry industry is considerable. As a branch of agriculture it is only exceeded by beef and milk, and its value exceeds the total value of the cereal production of the country. It must be remembered, too, that there are many employees engaged indirectly by the poultry industry—such as in the manufacture of poultry houses and appliances, wire netting, and cartons. Grain merchants also depend very largely on poultry keepers. And now for some statistics.

The following figures indicate the value of home production (England and Wales) for the years 1931 to 1936:

1931 -	£23,658,000	1934 -	£25,273,880
1932 -	24,452,485	1935 -	24,060,186
1933 -	26,793,770	1936 -	26,788,514

These figures are taken from the Annual Survey of the Poultry Industry prepared by Sir Edward Brown, LL.D., F.L.S.

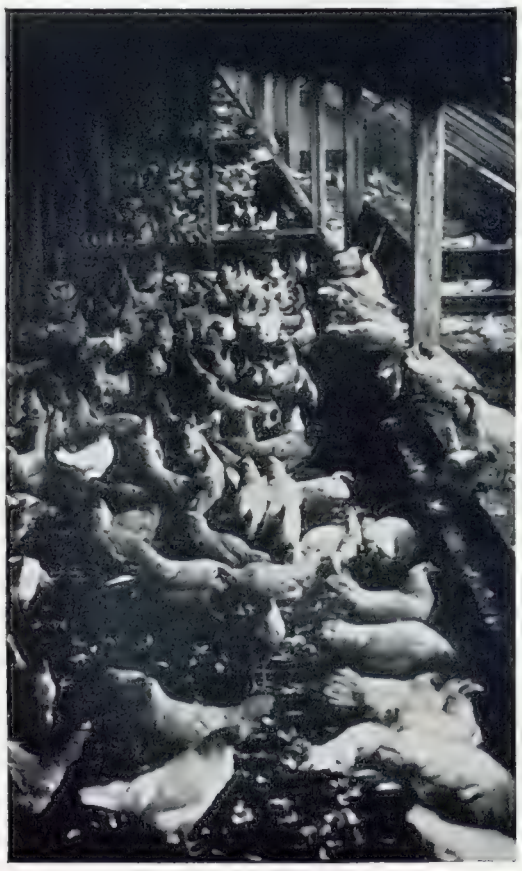
By contrast, the values of grain crops in England and Wales for the years 1932 to 1936 were as follows:

1932 -	£19,487,650	1935 -	£21,145,758
1933 -	19,514,550	1936 -	22,185,417
1934 -	22,482,250		

In view of the improving condition of agriculture generally it may seem odd that poultry keeping should still be on the downward grade. This however, is a fact substantiated by the annual census of the poultry population of this country. Excluding ducks, geese, and turkeys, there was a decrease of 3,000,000 in 1935, 500,000 in 1936, and over 5,000,000 in 1937.

The three main factors responsible for the present position are increased cost of feeding stuffs, unrestricted imports of eggs in shell and not in shell, and increasing mortality in the flocks of the country. This has risen to the high level of 20 per cent. per annum. And when you learn that a hen is not kept for laying after two years, this mortality seems still more formidable. The trouble is that if agriculture as a whole is to flourish, the higher food cost must remain. But unless consumers pay more for their eggs the Government will have to step in.

There are two ways in which they can lend their aid. One is a quantitative regulation of imports and the other is crude financial assistance. But one cannot altogether blame the Minister of Agriculture for not having done anything as yet. The poultry farmers will have to become properly organised as an industry before that industry can be helped.



One suggestion on which the Minister of Agriculture is likely to look kindly is that a subsidy should be paid on all eggs passing through packing stations which now charge poultry farmers not less than 10 per cent. on the sale of their eggs. In this way the subsidy would nullify the station's charges and the poultry farmer would get the full price for his eggs.

The problem of feeding stuffs is international. Last year the German wheat crop was 1,000,000 tons short; the Italian crop was also short; and the wheat crop of America was below the average and their exportable surplus reduced. No wonder wheat prices soared and will continue to soar if Russia, for example, anxious about Japan, should accumulate against the event of war large reserves of wheat which it would otherwise export.

The quantitative regulation of imports of eggs is not so easy as it sounds. The British glut period during the spring is equally the glut period in Denmark, Holland, Ireland, the Irish Free State, and other exporting countries in Europe. And the Danish Government has already an existing trade agreement which can only be revised in certain circumstances that do not exist so far.

Meantime, less than 30 per cent. of the industry is organised, and so it is impossible to have any constructive national policy on breeding, disease control, marketing, or any other aspect of the industry. What is badly needed is a big organisation embracing all poultry producers which can say with authority what the industry wants and why it wants it done. At present there is the National Poultry Council with offices in Southampton Row. It has a sympathetic association with the National Farmers Union but is still not representative enough to be able to compel sympathetic consideration from the Government.

Soon, it is hoped, the Poultry Technical Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Duncan Watson, which has been taking evidence for over a year from the Orkneys to Cornwall, will be issuing its report. The Minister of Agriculture must realise that the desirability of State assistance will be emphasised. If he agrees, and if the Chinese–Japanese war continues, it may once again be profitable to be a poultry farmer.

In case this career appeals to any of you I may say that the leading breeds of egg-laying hens are Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, White Leghorns, Light Sussex, Black Leghorns, and Buff Rocks. This year there were in addition another eighteen breeds of hens entered for the Laying Trials recognised by the National Poultry Council. One of them, the Cambar, is an experimental type. Its distinction is that you can tell the sex of the day-old chicks by their fluff markings. Which is exceedingly important. Cross-breeds will produce the same result, but they revert to type immediately.

You can imagine the advantage to a poultry farmer if he can tell whether his chick is a cockerel or pullet when it is a day old. For, with the exception of the Light Sussex breed, hens bred for egg-laying purposes are not suitable for killing and eating. They are lightly built and probably not worth more than 10d. a pound. If the poultry farmer can differentiate the sex of his chicks immediately he can save himself 30 per cent. of his overhead by getting rid of them at once.

Which brings us to a somewhat esoteric point. Centuries ago the Chinese discovered the science of chick-sexing; but it was not until twelve years ago that the Japanese investigated this scientifically

(Continued on page 294)

STOCKHOLM TREASURE TROVE

Early Silver and Coins Brought to Light in the Cellar of a House in the Swedish Capital

HOW THE TREASURE WAS FOUND: One of the great copper vessels containing old silverware and early eighteenth-century coins brought to light a short while ago in the cellar of a house in Stockholm. They were deposited there by a nobleman by the name of Johan Lohe, possibly on going to fight in the long war in which his country was engaged under the leadership of its warrior monarch, Charles XII

GEMS OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART: Three of the finest pieces unearthed in the Stockholm cellar. The magnificently designed tray in the centre is signed P. Henning and is the work of a craftsman of Nykoping, a renowned fortress town that fell to the Russians in 1719, about the time the treasure was buried. The metal is so thin that despite the fact that the tray is 2 ft. long it weighs less than eight ounces

RICHLY ADORNED: *Left*—A detail of the decoration of the tray buried by Johan Lohe and (*right*) one of the copper vessels together with Lohe's genealogical tree

SCENE OF THE FIND: The copper vessels reposing in the Stockholm cellar where they were discovered. The silver they contain is of the most beautiful workmanship and every piece is worthy of being displayed in a museum

A MIGHTY HOARD: Most of the 15,000 coins included among the finds date from the reigns of Charles XI, one of Sweden's wisest kings, and of his son Charles XII who won such renown in the war with the Danes and Russians

PROBING THE MYSTERY: M. Albin Wahlstrom, Keeper of the Swedish State archives, and Dr. Tor Berg examining one of the copper vessels. At the bottom of it they found a parchment giving the name of the noble owning the treasure

THE discovery of the treasure trove in the cellar of a Stockholm house has created much interest among archæologists in Sweden. Fifteen thousand coins were brought to light, nearly all bearing the likenesses of these two strangely different monarchs Charles XI and Charles XII while, of much more importance, is the silverware which dates from before the eighteenth century and is so light that it is astonishing that it could be made to carry such intricate designs. Johan Lohe, who buried the treasure, gave no reason for his action on the parchment he left with it, but it should be remembered that he lived in a time of great uncertainty when his country was ceaselessly at war

LINCOLN: *The Usher Gallery Exhibition of the Works of de Wint, Master of the English Water-colour School*

"LINCOLN FROM THE SOUTH": One of the many striking paintings by Peter de Wint (1784–1849), that master of landscape painting, included in the loan exhibition of his works now being held in the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln. The artist loved the old cathedral city and seldom, if ever, have a painter and a place been so happily identified

"LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM BRAYFORD—SUNRISE": This typical de Wint, lent to the Usher Art Gallery by Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth, the organiser of the present exhibition, has had an exciting history, and during the war it was stored with other pictures in company with the regalia in an underground chamber in London

"IT RISES LIKE A BEACON THE FEN-MEN'S HEART TO CHEER": Another of de Wint's countless impressions of Lincoln Cathedral which inspired him to so much fine work

Never before has such a comprehensive collection of the works of Peter de Wint been brought together within the walls of a public gallery as that now on exhibition in Lincoln, and it is fitting enough that they should be shown there, for Lincoln was the great love of his life, and there can have been no aspect of its exterior that he failed to portray. De Wint, a Staffordshire-born artist of Dutch descent, was one of the great masters of the English water-colour school, and his style may be said to fall between that of Cotman and David Cox

GLASGOW: *Landscape and Portraiture at the Annual Exhibition of the City's Royal Institute of Fine Arts*

"AN EDINBURGH SUNSET": This fine picture by Charles Oppenheimer, R.S.A., R.S.W., is on view at the 76th annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts which opened last month at the M'Lellan Galleries and, as usual, will continue on into December. The artist has caught the atmosphere of the city with rare skill

Glasgow is another city that is in the art headlines at the moment, and the 76th annual exhibition of its Royal Institute of Fine Arts, which opened last month and closes on December 11, is one of the finest yet held there. The number of exhibits—over eight hundred—is well up to the average

On left—"THE HON. URSULA BALFOUR": This portrait by R. H. Westwater has come in for a lot of attention at the Glasgow show, its bold draughtsmanship and colouring at once commanding the viewer's interest

On left—"FLORA ROBSON AS MARY TUDOR": Ethel Gabain, R.O.I., R.B.A., has done an interesting piece of work in this study of one of our leading character actresses who is shown in one of the dresses which she wore in the play of *Mary Tudor* at the Playhouse

WARSAW: *Church-Inspired Peasant Art Forms the Subject of an Unusual Display in the Polish Capital*

A PICTURE WITH A HISTORY: This detail from an oil painting executed on wood, now on view at the exhibition of Polish Peasant Art in Warsaw, is of especial interest as the painter from time to time sold portions of the picture, cutting out the particular saint or figure which one or other of his customers desired to possess

IN TWO MEDIUMS: Further examples of Polish peasant art, that on the left depicting the flight of Mary, Joseph, and the Christ child into Egypt, and that on the right portraying Our Lord in the peasant dress of the Wilno district of Poland

Poland, being situated on the cross roads geographically of Central Europe, has come under both Eastern and Western influences, and this is noticeable in the examples of peasant art now being shown at the I.P.S. Galleries in Warsaw. The exhibition was arranged by the Institute for the Propaganda of Art with the co operation of the National Museum. The exhibits which represent almost every district in Poland are from private collectors as well as from museums. The artistic attitude of the peasant is in principle creative, even though he almost always borrows his models from religious art. These models are for him, however, only the starting off point, and the stimulus for the creation of his own complete conception.

The pictures, rich in colour and variegated in design, are painted in oils on paper, linen, glass, tin, and wood. Their frames, also lavishly decorated, are from wood and sometimes glass. There are also woodcuts, some coloured, and a sculpture group.

The pictures from the south and south-eastern districts, which are the mountainous parts of Poland, are the most interesting. Among these, and especially characteristic of peasant work, are pictures on glass in three colours, red, gold and green, and highly decorative in style.

The picture which attracts most attention in the exhibition is "The Flight to Egypt," showing Mary with the child Jesus on the ass which Joseph is leading. F. M.

WOMEN AT PRAYER: Two more remarkable works with an individuality all their own. *Left*—A carved figure in wood from the Wilno district in the far north-east of Poland from which much fine work comes, most of it of religious inspiration and most of it evidencing an innate creative ability. *Right*—A painting in oils on paper by a peasant of Grywald Podhall. Linen, glass, tin, and wood are also used

BRUSSELS: *Sixty-Two Pictures by Unknown Masters Brought Together for a Unique Show at the Palais des Beaux Arts*

TWO DECKER: This picture, belonging to the Dutch school of the fifteenth century, showing a feast in progress in one section and an archery contest in the other, is an outstanding item in the exhibition of paintings by unknown artists now being held at the Palais des Beaux Arts, Brussels. Many of them reveal technically flawless craftsmanship

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAITURE OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL: This is all that is known of these two works in the unknown artists exhibition which is causing such interest in Brussels. It has been organised by a society called "La Peau de l'Ours" (The Bear's Hide), partly with the object of trying to identify some of the pictures

A RELIGIOUS THEME: A canvas of the Flemish schools of the 15th or 16th centuries; a work enriched by much elaborate detail, particularly as regards the clothing of the figures

The organisers of the unknown masters exhibition in Brussels have very sensibly asked members of the public and art experts visiting the show to write out their theories regarding the origin of any of the pictures on view. By this means they feel sure that some valuable data will be obtained, and they are hoping for a big response to their appeal. From the clues offered a committee will then set to work and see what justification may be found for them

LONDON BIDS FAREWELL: Robed clergy and choristers walking in front of the hearse in which the body of Canon Sheppard was taken from the lying-in-state at St. Martin-in-the-Fields to St. Paul's for the funeral service

THOUSANDS FILED PAST the coffin bearing the remains of the late Canon Sheppard as it lay in state at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. People of all classes and creeds paid their silent tribute to the memory of a friend

"HERE HE LIES WHERE HE LONGED TO BE": The coffin being lowered into the grave in the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral, where Canon Sheppard was buried in accordance with his wishes following the funeral service at St. Paul's Cathedral. He was Dean of Canterbury for two years, eventually resigning through ill-health, but in that time grew to love the place

BURIAL OF CANON SHEPPARD

THE THRIFTY 'THIRTIES . . .

Anti-Waste the Maxim of Our Age; A Movement that Has Become Almost World-wide, with Britain, Italy, and Germany Leading the Way

THIS age will possibly go down to history as the Thrifty 'Thirties. The French are supposed to be the great nation for economy; but it is the Nordic races—Germany and England—who are now showing the world how to save and use what it throws into its dustbins. Germany got the idea first, began it on a big scale, and let everyone else know: England, too, is quietly practising rubbish-conservation on her own.

Early in October a report on the first large-scale experiment in England to find good uses for household garbage will be published. The experiment is being tried by the Kensington Borough Council.

They have set up a new centre to which lorries bring 300 tons of West London refuse a day. Here vegetable waste from Kensington kitchens is to be transformed into chemical fertiliser by paralysing bacteria and fungi and separating valuable nitrogen and minerals. Thus town rubbish can help country farming.

The idea comes from Italy, There seems to be a Rome-Berlin anti-waste axis as well as a political one! The whole process takes about a fortnight. In a sealed chamber the separated matter is sprayed with chemicals and treated with oxygen to hasten the work of the bacteria. It is then ready to be pulverised and spread on the soil. It is being tested now at Rothamsted Research Station. No longer must we burn rubbish. In this country about 12,000,000 tons of it are collected a year; at least 5,000,000 tons might be turned into artificial manure.

A very British secrecy surrounds the Kensington scheme. Ringing up to verify newspaper reports, I gathered that rumours about a new rubbish-into-fertiliser *factory* having already been built were a little too previous, if not actually incorrect. "We *are* working on those lines," I was told, "but we can't tell you anything further at present." They seemed angry that the news had leaked out at all.

The General Post Office is also following the German example. They burn old telephone instruments, and sell the ashes, which are valuable for the tiny bits of metal which remain in them: especially lead. Both metal dealers and the general public buy what the G.P.O. calls "Recovered Stores." In 1936 they fetched £35,000. Nearly 3,400 tons of copper, 2,760 tons of lead, and 540 tons of bronze were sold. Rarer metals—platinum and gold—amounted to 380 and 300 ounces respectively; together with a little silver, they realised close on £5,000 last year.

Whenever snowstorms wreck overhead telegraph wires, there is always someone who wants to buy them; and old cables can be melted down for lead and copper. Even badges and buttons from postmen's uniforms are used up. Pre-war 'phones are snapped up by film companies for period pictures. The G.P.O. even sells its old string: 320 tons of it found buyers in 1936. Never has Britain seen such an anti-waste drive.

It is the arms programme which has sent the market value of all metals up so much. Until the recent steel shortage many thousands of tons of scrap-iron were wasted. Because discarded harrows in fields were rusty farmers thought they were useless. But rust does not matter. Melted down with pig iron old ploughs and harrows make new steel. Here we see *country* rubbish helping *town* industry—the Kensington situation reversed. All the chief nations of the world—Europe and Asia too—are trying to conserve scrap iron. America, however, pours quantities of her inferior scrap (mainly from car dumps) into England; why we use it it is difficult to understand, especially as it is by no means cheap.

We need our *own* scrap iron; its quality is better, but so far it has not been very efficiently collected, and last year we used only 50,000 tons of it. At the end of last June the steel industry appealed to householders, farmers, and manufacturers to co-operate; discarded cookers, stoves, piping, broken tools, battered pots and pans of every kind must be saved. But not enough fuss was made about it and the appeal was quickly forgotten; we may expect a repetition of it any time now. Meanwhile we have followed Belgium's example and prohibited the export of scrap; just in time, for the ambitious Powers—Italy, Germany, and Japan—are buying up as much scrap as they can lay their hands on.

Ship-breaking, car dumps, old railway trucks—all can be of assistance. Last year Britain produced 11,750,000 tons of steel; of the 7,000,000 tons of scrap used, 1,000,000 were imported at a cost of over £3,000,000. This year we shall produce about 12,500,000 tons of steel—a record output; and we hope that the "save scrap iron" campaign will have contributed largely to it.

France has always practised small economies; Russia has now twenty years' experience of frugal living; synthetic rubber and oil have been used by various nations for some years, notably by Italy during the Abyssinian war and by Germany at the present moment; Denmark has for years encouraged its people to use margarine and goats' milk so as not to consume at home the dairy produce that can be sold abroad; while America's only great instance of anti-waste seems to be the bacon and canning industries, where the pig goes in at one end of the factory and the cans come out at the other and you look in vain for any left-over bits at all.

But the present international economy movement springs from the dictatorships and "war economy" conditions. Germany seems to be doing well out of it so far; visitors report that the working classes there look remarkably prosperous, well nourished and clothed (in garments made largely, like Japanese shirts, from paper and wood-pulp), and the shop-windows seem well stocked. But the winter will be the real test.

Almost every week fresh news of German anti-waste devices trickles through. German scientists are at work on a new type of engine which will run on *water!* The water-molecules are split into oxygen and hydrogen, which are mixed with petrol vapour and exploded. Submarines fitted with this engine could, it is believed, travel 8,000 miles under water at 15 m.p.h. So cheap would this be that we may yet see a line of water-driven submarine cargo vessels. It would be very difficult to blockade them and so try to starve a country out in wartime.

More fantastic, and not nearly so impracticable as it sounds, is another German scientist's plan to get electricity from the air. He calculates that there are about 17,000,000 thunderclouds over the world per annum: in them is enough electrical energy to supply a nation the size of Germany with power for the whole year. He thinks he has found a method to capture and store that power; but he says nothing about the possibility of a future international squabble over stormclouds! To think we may have been wasting water and thunder for thousands of years . . .

Kampf dem Verderb! (combat waste) that is the slogan of a Self-Sufficiency Magazine published by General Göring in Berlin. The first issue (last January) said optimistically that by using oil produced from waste materials, Germany would achieve independence of imported oil by April, 1938. A fortnight before, the Reich Food Estate had forbidden hotels and restaurants to use lettuce leaves and sliced tomatoes as mere ornaments for salads. From the viewpoint of the Four-Year Self-Sufficiency Plan this was thoughtless waste. During winter at least, parsley, slices of pickled cucumber, and beetroot (of which there are plenty in the home market) should be used instead.

In August Germany started to prepare in earnest for the winter food problem. Italy uses sweet chestnuts to make *polenta* bread; but Germany, in August, made a large-scale collection of *horse* chestnuts. They are to be used for extracting oil and starch. A "census" of chestnut trees is being carried out in Germany at this moment. Meanwhile, in Bavaria, the Hitler Youth has been making war on the cabbage-white butterfly and its caterpillars; sixty children captured 7,000 butterflies and 508 lb. of caterpillars in three days. Even in the slaughter of a pest there must be no waste, for these thousands of dead creatures were all fed to Bavarian chickens.

Germany also knows how to make fertiliser—but she uses old boots. Ground down and mixed with bone meal, says a recent issue of the *Angriff*, they are extremely nourishing to an impoverished soil. Bones are also needed, since they yield industrial fats, 90 per cent. of which are imported in the shape of foreign oil seeds at present. Many uses, too, can be found for grass; but Germans are now smoking it in cigarettes. They have been told, of course, that it is a new "harmless synthetic" tobacco, far superior to the poisonous drug smoked in degenerate lands like England.

As for food, however much Germans are tightening their belts, they are certainly not cutting down on their highly nutritious beer. The past year's consumption for the whole nation was 877,000,000 gallons—an increase of 2,500,000 gallons on the previous year. What anti-waste materials are being put into it has not been revealed; but recent visitors to Germany assure me that the beer is as good as ever.

Anxious as she is to save scrap iron, Germany has outdone other nations by finding metal substitutes. Artificial resin, a by-product of coal, said Göring's Anti-Waste Magazine six months ago, "is in the long run far superior to other industrial materials." It was to have been used mainly for conduit pipes; but an engineer named Michael, of Halle, has sinced discovered a better substitute to replace metal tubes so that the metal may be saved

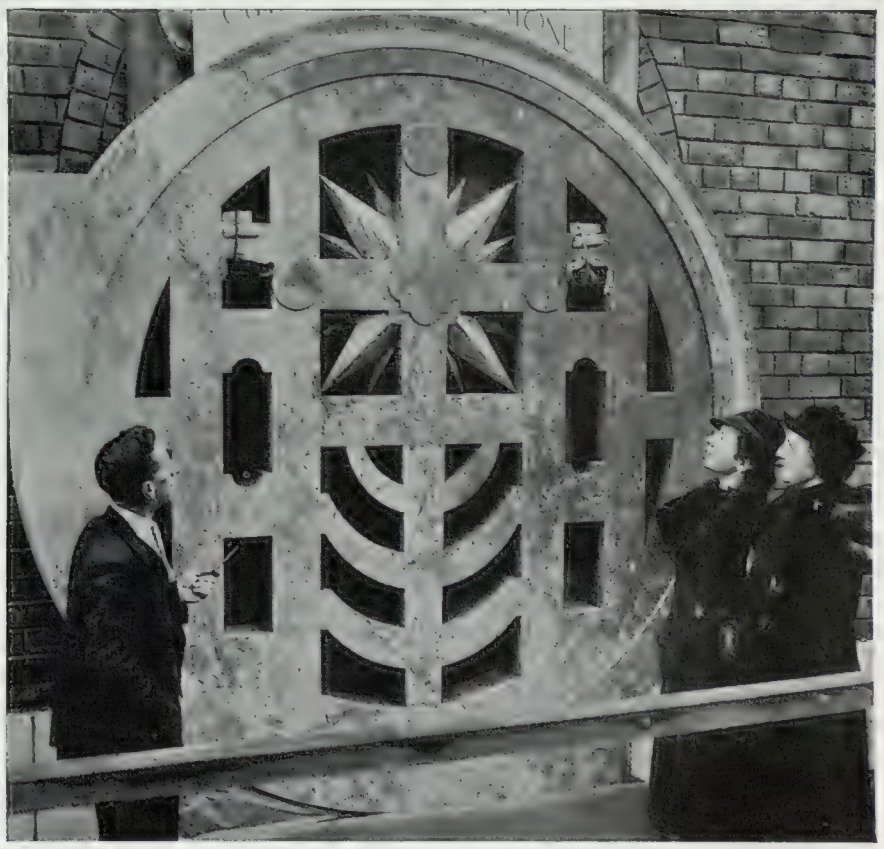
(Continued on page 300)

The POPE'S RETURN to the VATICAN from CASTEL GANDOLFO

His Holiness Much Restored in Health After Long Summer Holiday : Progress of Liverpool's Roman Catholic Cathedral

PAPAL INAUGURATION OF THE COLLEGE OF CANON LAW: The Pope, surrounded by members of the Pontifical Court and the Sacred College of Cardinals, as he declared open the new building beside the Lateran Seminary in Rome, a magnificent place notable for the originality of its mural decorations. His Holiness has only just returned to the Vatican, having spent the past five months in comparative rest at his summer palace, Castel Gandolfo. He is now said to be much restored in health

HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE: The Very Rev. Fr. Peter Hickey being crowned with flowers in accordance with the tradition of his Order during the solemn High Mass held at St. Mary of the Angels, Fox Street, Liverpool, in celebration of his fifty years of work as a Franciscan in this country



CUT FROM A SIX-TON BLOCK: "The Rolling Stone" at the entrance to the Relic Chapel of Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral, which by means of clever counterbalances moves aside at a touch of the hand. The Cathedral foundations were laid four years ago, and on October 31 the first High Mass was sung in the Dolours Chapel

THE NINE-POWER CONFERENCE IN SESSION AT BRUSSELS

Signatories To the Washington Treaty of 1922 Meet as Mediators In the Sino-Japanese War

ON November 3 the Nine-Power Conference, which actually included the representatives of nineteen nations, met in the Palais des Académies, Brussels, with the declared object of attempting to find ways and means of bringing to an end by mediation the present hostilities in the Far East. The Conference was not attended by Germany, and one of the nine signatories to the Washington Treaty of 1922 — Japan — was ominously absent, while the extent of Italy's co-operation was limited by certain provisos.

The Conference's right to discuss the Sino-Japanese war derived from some of the delegate nations' agreement to the Washington Nine-Power Treaty which, among other things, related to the territorial integrity of China. Another Treaty concluded at the same time, related to the maintenance of the status quo in the Pacific.

The delegates quickly got down to work last week and on November 6 reached agreement on the text of a Note to the Japanese Government. The Note was transmitted to the Belgian Ambassador in Tokyo and a copy was handed to M. Kurusu, the Japanese Ambassador in Brussels.

On right—THE OPENING SESSION: The scene in the Palais des Académies, Brussels, as M. Spaak, back to camera, made a brief speech of welcome to the delegates of the nineteen nations attending the Conference. M. Spaak, who only a few days ago was asked to form a ministry following the resignation of the Van Zeeland cabinet, has had a varied career. He was made Minister for Foreign Affairs last year and achieved considerable recognition in Belgium by his adroit handling of many difficult situations

As had been expected, the Note was conciliatory, and its principal feature was the suggestion of a small working committee with which the Japanese Government was invited to discuss the dispute with China. The membership of the proposed committee was not specified, in order to encourage suggestions from Tokyo as to its composition.

The message to Tokyo took note of the Japanese Government's disclaimer that they

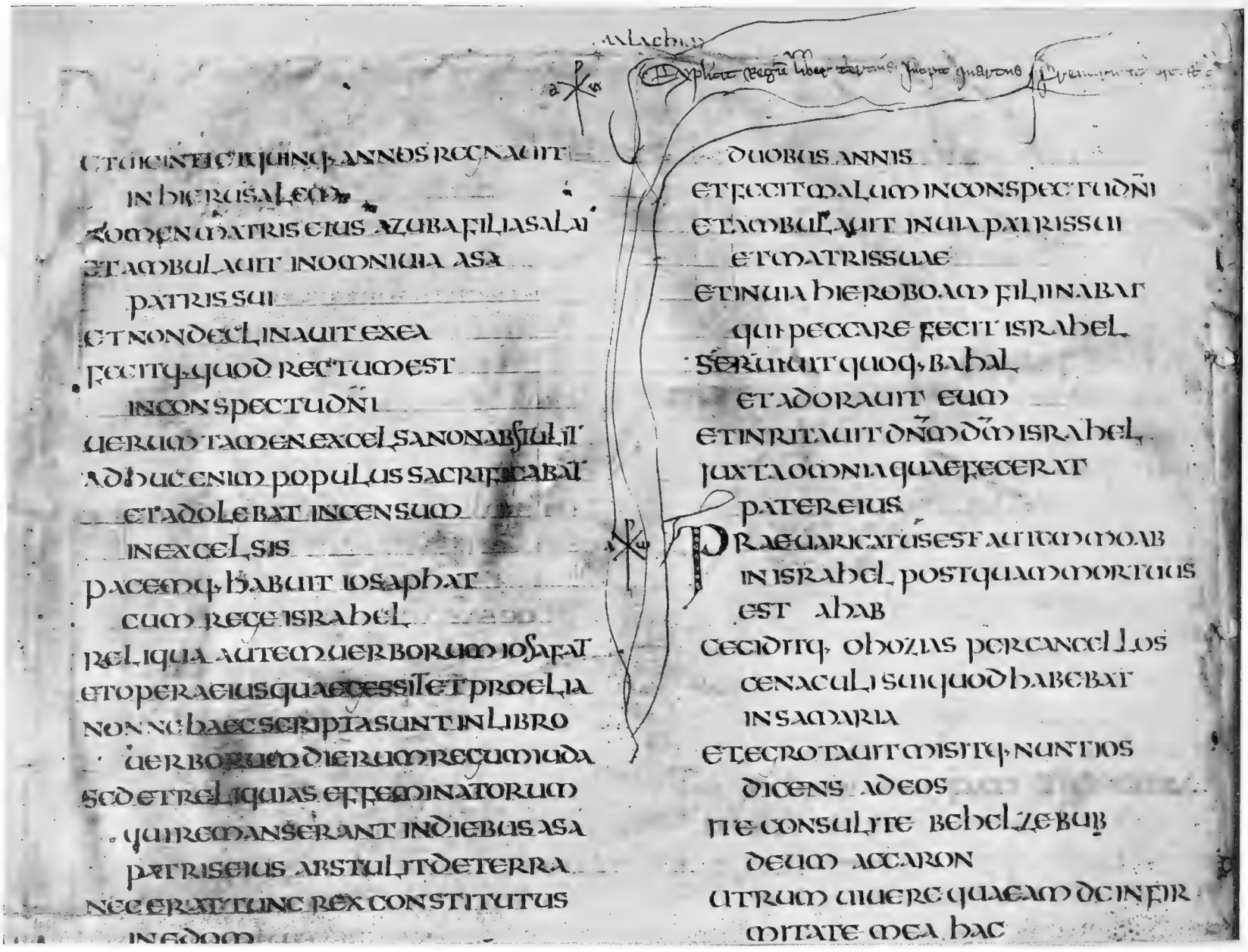
On left— BRITAIN'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE: Mr. Anthony Eden peering round the Indian delegate during one of the sessions. *On right*—EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA: Mr. S. M. Bruce, of Australia, in earnest conversation with Mr. Norman Davis, the American spokesman, while M. Litvinoff, Russia's Foreign Minister, sips his tea contemplatively

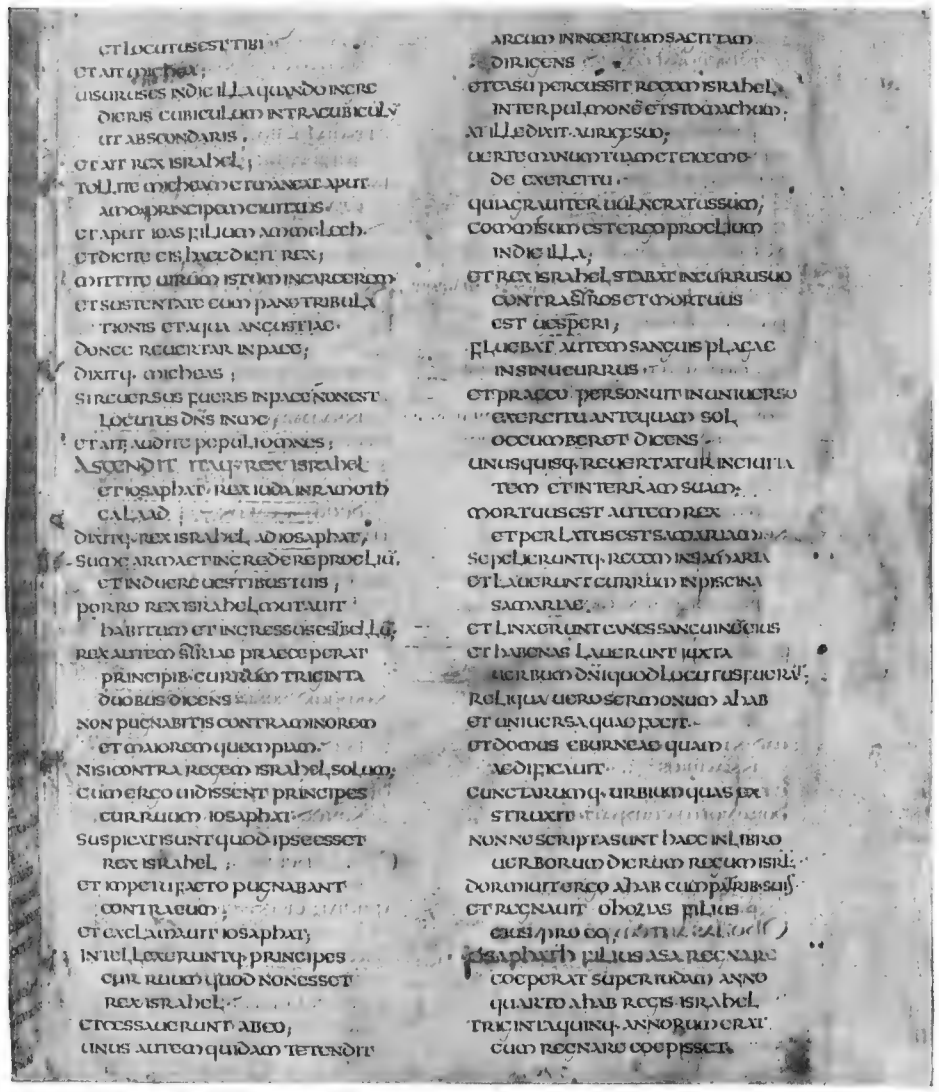
cherish territorial ambitions in China, as of the statement that Japan sincerely desires to "assist in the material and moral development of the Chinese nation."

Proceeding to define the aim of the Conference as "the resolving by peaceful means of the conflict," and to note with regret the absence of Japan, the document went on to say that while the Japanese Government objected to the Conference on the ground that it will only serve to complicate the situation, the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty are entitled to exercise their rights under that instrument; and that all Powers with interests in the Far East are concerned regarding the present hostilities.

On right—"ROUND THE GREEN BAIZE OF DEMOCRACY": A close-up of some of the delegates attending one of the sessions

The British Museum Acquires Leaves of the Ceolfrid Bible





A HALF-PAGE FROM THE CEOLFRID BIBLE, eleven leaves of which have been acquired by the British Museum through the medium of the Friends of the National Libraries. They are of the finest uncial writing in script of a style of native English character, and date from the eighth century when they were written at the instigation of Ceolfrid, Abbot of Wearmouth. *On left*—A full page of the MS.

THE Friends of the National Libraries have now completed the purchase for the British Museum of eleven leaves of an eighth-century Latin Bible. Towards the cost Lord Wakefield contributed £300. Other special donations were £75 from an anonymous donor, £90 from the New Palæographical Society, and a grant of £200 from the corporate funds of the F.N.L.

It will be recalled that the manuscript consists of eleven leaves of Latin text, all belonging to the first book of Kings, written in Northumberland during one of the most brilliant periods in the history of our country. Three great copies of the Bible were written at the instigation of Ceolfrid, Abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, one of which was taken by him as a present to the Pope in 716. This copy (the Codex Amiatinus) is now in the Laurentian Library of Florence, and is one of the chief authorities for the text of the Vulgate.

The other two copies, given to Wearmouth and Jarrow respectively, were thought to have vanished utterly during the Danish invasions; but in 1909 one leaf turned up in an old curiosity shop in Newcastle, and not long afterwards eleven more leaves, demonstrably from the same manuscript, were found in a private muniment room where they had been used as covers to estate books.

It is these eleven leaves which have now been purchased for the British Museum, at the price of £1,000.

They are magnificent pages, 19 ins. by 13½ ins., in double columns of the finest uncial writing, in script of a style which Dr. Lowe has recently demonstrated to be of native English character. They are not consecutive throughout, but contain the text of 3 Kings (1 Kings in our English Bibles) xxi. 17—xxii. 54, 4 Kings i. 1—iii. 25, viii. 27—x. 19, xv. 12—xvii. 15, xviii. 35—xix. 31, xix. 37—xx. 10, xx. 14—xxii. 13. They are a monument of the time when British scholarship, under the lead of Benedict Biscop, Ceolfrid, and especially Bede, held the foremost place in Europe, when Cædmon of Whitby was beginning English literature and Aldhelm of Sherborne was making the first translation of the Psalter into English, and when Boniface of Wessex was carrying Christianity into Germany. Since the Codex Amiatinus is in the country to which Ceolfrid presented it, it is right that this relic of its sister manuscript should be in our own national collection, among the great Bibles in all languages of which the British Museum is proud. As a witness to the text it partakes of the importance of its sister manuscript, the Codex Amiatinus, and it was therefore photographed recently for the use of the Papal Commission which is revising the Vulgate text.

A. Console

NOVEMBER SUNSET
Over London's River

The Thames is always beautiful, and even on a November evening its sullen, brooding waters are a strangely wonderful sight as they sweep widely and majestically round the bend at Vauxhall. Towering in the background are the twin chimneys of Battersea power station, that great cathedral of electricity

W. Davis

DANK AUTUMN
On the Embankment

What a familiar sight to Londoners when autumn comes along. The Thames Embankment glistening after rain and, overhead, scudding clouds proclaiming that the storm has not yet worked its will

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE: Dawn at Franz Hals' studio in Haarlem after the festivities in the Guildhall; one of the picturesque moments in this lavishly presented musical play which is among the most expensive productions now running in London. A dancer is lying across the steps leading down into the studio while other figures within are just breaking out of slumber. Beyond is the canal with the Burgomaster's house

Drawings by Percy Home

THE SPLENDID BALL AT THE GUILDHALL, HAARLEM: An impression of another of the elaborate scenes in *The Laughing Cavalier* at the Adelphi. The dancers, in their golden satin dresses with wide Dutch collars, and the men with their ruffs make a striking picture. The whole decor has been schemed by Aubrey Hammond

A VOICE bawling through a microphone in the accents of Broadway as an accompaniment to the flashes of the type of entertainment presumed to be found in Vienna, Leicester, Birkenhead, Budapest, Brighton, Paris, and various parts of London made a far from promising prologue to the revue at the Saville Theatre, *It's in the Bag*.

The bag, in fact, took too long to open. When will it be realised that the microphone in a theatre is not only in itself a pest to all but the least sensitive, but has the effect of making most of the non-microphonic voices inaudible? Should anyone be imbecile enough to produce a revue in Olympia microphones would be permissible. Not otherwise.

After the passing of the above preliminary ordeal this revue turned out almost wholly enjoyable. It lacks a strong personality. The strongest personality, an American girl, Miss Maxine Stone, whose line of business is to pretend to be tired, plays only a subordinate part, though she was unquestionably the hit of the evening. The principal comedian, Mr. Gene Sheldon, seemed rather overwhelmed, either with the size of the theatre or the weight of his material, or possibly both. He was funny on occasions, notably with a banjo. I think he would be—and probably is—much funnier in cabaret. Miss Elizabeth Welch's voice is certainly strong. For the many who like the vocal fashion of Harlem, here is an ideal exponent; I must confess I do not.

But if a commonwealth of all-round talent rather than the star-system is the better plan for revue—and I do not say it is not—*It's In the Bag* shows a very deft arrangement of it. We have Miss Doris Hare to be bright and clever and English (and at one moment Scottish); Miss Pola Nivenska to sing the songs of her country; Mr. Benny Ross to talk the language of *his* country, which is America; Miss Sophia Treble to sing; Miss Diana Chase to dance; and Miss Daphne Day to play a small part in a small sketch with much charm and still more promise. Most of the male cast seemed to talk American, but some pleasant youths talk English with a merciful lack of affectation, and there is surely one of the loveliest female choruses in captivity.

The sketches are for the most part good and not too long. The music, particularly that for a delightful modern ballet (or, to be precise, a mimed episode) entitled "A Deb's Day Out," is full of merit, except that for a very different type of ballet—about human sacrifice—which was as pretentious and dull as the ballet itself. It seems that every revue must contain one of these gloomy and sadistic episodes. I doubt whether many people enjoy them. Any impressive effect this one might have had was cancelled by a burlesque of it which followed immediately, though I am not so sure that the ballet was not really funnier than the burlesque.

An operatic burlesque, on the other hand, proved hilariously successful, unlike its predecessors by the hundred. There is nothing sacred about opera and no earthly reason why it should not be burlesqued; my gorge is apt to rise at such attempts, simply because 90 per cent. of them are just the negation of humour.

STAGE *and* SCR

"Goodbye to Yesterday."—The Lorimer family, Mr., Mrs. and Master, lived in a nice house in Sussex-by-the-Sea, and there, in the words of Mr. Bernard Shaw, they were "stewing in love." And so, after ten minutes or less of *Goodbye to Yesterday* at the Phœnix Theatre I realised that this love was not going to last, that being the way of plays of excessive domesticity.

It did not. Master Tony loved his father so much that he displayed a new type of "cupboard-love" (which, by the way, would have been a snappier title for the play). Hating enclosed spaces, as many a nervy child does, he obeyed when his father told him to sit in a dark cupboard (with the door ajar) and find out for himself that there was nothing so very terrible about it. Nine is a tender age at which to set about conquering phobias; Mr. Lorimer was foolish but not more. Not even foolish was the maid-servant who, when Mr. Lorimer left the room for a moment, slammed the door tight, for she did not know the boy was inside.

Nobody heard the boy's screams. There was no inside handle and he was completely a prisoner. When he was missed and the cupboard opened he was a moaning maniac—a hopeless case at that.

This morbid incident is an introduction to the play, which does not grow less morbid. Lorimer is suspected by the neighbours of having acted deliberately (why?—the construction here is rather loose), and, being the proprietor of a prep. school, pupils naturally grow less numerous. Worse than that, he has an inkling that his wife shares their opinion. I cannot for the life of me see why a man and a woman deeply in love and manifestly all in all to each other should not have bridged that gap instantly, if, indeed, they had ever allowed it to be there. The author is guilty of some lack of skill in allowing us to think that the whole of that quarrel was dumped into his play merely for the purpose of allowing it to continue. People in love, if they *are* in love and are not just imagining they are, are not separated by domestic tragedy; it draws them together more closely.

Goodbye to Yesterday—which has come off after an incredibly short run of four days—had, in short, a strong theme which was not treated with sufficient strength. It was not taut enough; it was full of little scenes, some good, some much less than good, which appeared to be falling apart as it progressed instead of being bound with hoops of steel. And would a temporary doubt on Mrs. Lorimer's part, coming and going like a flash, impel Lorimer—sane, hearty, athletic, pipe-smoking and all that—to take up his poor little son and jump with him into the sea, thus adding murder and suicide to the lesser horror? I do not think so.

PRIESTLEY'S TOUR DE FORCE: Eileen Beldon as the innkeeper's daughter gives a really remarkable performance in *I Have Been Here Before*, which was recently presented at the Royalty. With her is William Heilbronn who plays the part of the Yorkshire landlord, providing a good character-study that has an element of subtlety

EEN: Reviewed by Philip Page

The Saville Stages an Enjoyable Revue with an Inauspicious Prologue: The Fate of Gladys Cooper's "Goodbye to Yesterday"

In the last act *Goodbye to Yesterday* said goodbye to reason. Mrs. Lorimer, groping among the dust-sheeted furniture of what had once been her happy home and talking of "gratitude"—for what I know not—promises to marry a friend of the family who had been in love with her for years but whom she herself gave no indication of loving.

With a different last act and a general tightening up, this might have been drama of exceptional quality. As it was there was the uncomfortable feeling that all was not well. The play was notable at least for the superb performance of Miss Gladys Cooper. Except in the last scene of all (which is just blither and would have defeated anyone) her very restraint added to the *crescendo* of tragedy; when she did let herself go in her anxious grief over her boy just after he was found, one saw mother's love that was alive and of exquisite tenderness.

Mr. Philip Merivale made a sympathetic and dignified husband; yet neither stiff nor pompous. His rich-speaking voice was a pleasure to listen to but there was no indication that he was, as it were, playing on it consciously; not a few actors, vocally equipped, boom away like 'cellos. Mr. Frank Allenby showed tact as Mrs. Lorimer's other adorer and Mr. Walter Hudd had to, and did, raise some laughs "amid the darkling gloom" by pretending, quite inoffensively, to be drunk.

Most little boy actors are so horrible that I welcome their early demise in any play. Martin Powney was so much the reverse that I was genuinely sorry when he was shut in that cupboard and had nothing more left in his part than moans and gasps. And most realistically did he moan and gasp.

JACK BUCHANAN AND DAVID HUTCHESON in their new film *The Sky's the Limit* which has recently been completed at Pinewood studios under the direction of Mr. Buchanan and, by all accounts, is full of good situations. Also in the cast are Mara Losseff and H. F. Maltby who are depicted below in a scene together

"The Prisoner of Zenda" (Film).—The swift disappearance of an unfunny satire on the Hentzau gang has been followed by a film version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This is old wine in a very new bottle, the new bottle being the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square which is rather like one. That is to say it is black and shiny on the outside and bears a label.

Inside there is nothing to be found which would intoxicate an infant, though much that will delight infants of all ages. For there are pretty uniforms and pretty women and duels and self-sacrifice and "little poetry though much affection." The familiar romance of an Englishman who takes the place of a dissolute Ruritanian king and falls in love with a beautiful princess, and defeats a nasty cad, and is so thoroughly public-school about the whole caboodle did not carry me off my feet as it did in its "legitimate" form. Probably that is because that process is nowadays necessarily more difficult. But this film should enchant quite enough people for the obvious expenditure to be justified, and there are some good performances.

Miss Madeleine Carroll looked lovelier than any real princess has done in recorded times, and if her keynote was *hauteur* rather than abandon and warm passion, that is as it should be with a princess. Mr. Ronald Colman also looks good, both in and out of uniform, and makes a likeable hero, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., not worrying for the moment about his own good looks, of which he has plenty, makes a most unlikeable villain.

Our old friend Colonel Sapt has become, according to the programme, etc., Colonel Zapt, possibly with an eye to audiences in the great country where they call a "Zed" a "Zee." But our still older friend, Mr. Aubrey Smith, plays the part with that unchanging perfection which is his, and Mr. Raymond Massey's Black Michael was always welcome, though Michael is an outsider, a cad, a feller no feller should want to know, and out of the very bottom-most drawer, dammit!

The Duchess Theatre will be offered for sale by auction on Wednesday, December 8, subject to the condition that J. P. Mitchelhill, the present owner of the theatre, shall remain in control so long as J. B. Priestley's play, *Time and the Conways*, continues its run which, judging from the crowded houses and a new library deal just concluded, is likely to beat all previous records held by this theatre. The Duchess was built about eight years ago. Its successes include *Children in Uniform* (which ran for 265 performances), J. B. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove* and *Eden End*, and Emlyn Williams' *Night Must Fall* (which scored 435 performances). Mr. Mitchelhill has personally controlled the fortunes of the theatre.

ANGELA BADDELEY AND EMLYN WILLIAMS AT THE OLD VIC: Both these artistes show imagination in this revival of Shakespeare's tragedy, *Richard III*, and Mr. Williams gives a strong impression of the king's restless loneliness in his interpretation of the title role which has been played in the past by so many distinguished actors

"CODE OF HONOUR," a play by Vere Sullivan, which has been given a try-out at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, prior to its London run, has as its theme the marriage of an English girl, Peggy Fortescue (Diana Lloyd, centre) to a young German aristocrat, and a subsequent test of the husband's patriotism.

A NEW THEATRICAL PARTNERSHIP: Reginald Highley (left), former associate of Tom Walls, and Ulich Browne, a cousin of Lord Sligo, watching a rehearsal of the first play, *Ring Off Please*, they are presenting under the auspices of the company they have formed together. It is known as Brownley Productions.

THE PROVINCIAL SCENE

WHERE THE DRY-STANE DYKER STILL PURSUES HIS CALLING: Men engaged in building a wall of rough stone without the aid of mortar on a road at Golspie, Sutherland. The number of workers versed in this art seems to be lessening, and in the Lowlands there is a distinct scarcity

Percy J. Hosking

NOT THE COMMONEST BRITISH BIRD: This sparrow, having like all its kind a partiality for the haunts of man, was only too willing to bring up its family in this nesting-box on the side of a house. It is now generally conceded that the sparrow is not the commonest bird of these islands, the most numerous and widespread being the chaffinch

Percy J. Hosking

OUTNUMBERING THE SPARROW: The cock chaffinch is full of good spirits in autumn and his crisp "spink, spink", resounds cheerily in the woodlands to remind us of the compensations of the fading year. The chaffinch is our commonest bird but, unlike the sparrow, is not a lover of urban life

THE DARTMOOR PONY DRIFT: Farming folk engaged in the great annual round-up in which the half-tamed ponies are taken to the Duchy of Cornwall pound for census and collection of dues. In accordance with traditional practice, those unclaimed by their owners are kept for three sunsets and then placed in the stray pound. If still unclaimed they are eventually sold against costs. The ponies, it will be noted, follow the riders in quite docile fashion, and it is only now and again there is a difficult customer needing special handling

LATE AUTUMN DAYS

Newcomers from Across the Sea Give an Added Interest to Bird Life at the Close of the Year

THE golden light of autumn is everywhere diffused—and even the grey mists, as with indecision they wander to and fro, cannot prevail against the strong influence of that soft glow which fills the countryside.

During the past few weeks a large number of fungi have made their appearance on the scene; strange looking products of this particular period of the year. Their lives are short ones, and therefore there are now but few remaining of those that have been.

Where the bracken stands high in the finely cut fronds of copper or of gold, upon the moist earth beneath it there might still be found perhaps one of these—the verdigris agaric; that green tone of its earlier days now changed and turned into a dull yellow. Here, also, where a quantity of dry twigs and branches lie scattered a splash of sulphur colour upon some of them denotes the presence of another fungus, the flower of tan. So they grow—small and large—a vast study in themselves. By now the queen wasp—that industrious worker—has discovered a suitable place for the coming months of her hibernation. And therein she is settled, secure from the cold and the privations of the winter time. A snug hole in the decaying wood of an aged tree is where now she is resting; and where she will remain until the time has come when she must bestir herself once more, and resume her duties.

A sound of gentle twittering can be recognized as announcing the arrival of a flock of siskins. In this part of the country these birds are only visitors; nor is it their habit to stay for any length of time in the neighbourhood. But once the cold weather has begun, a glimpse of them, at the least, may of a certainty be caught, as now upon this day of the late autumn when they pass on their way through the forest, making a pause now and then to search for a meal about or beneath the branches of some tree. Very small folk are these siskins—scarcely four and a half inches in size; dressed much the same as the deciduous trees; in shades of green and yellow and dusk.

As the little party moves onwards, still twittering as the birds proceed on their road, they meet with the jay. He has been busy searching for acorns underneath the great oak tree and is just on the point of rising from the ground, the fine blue upon his wings conspicuous as he spreads them wide. With that truly diabolical shriek of his, that makes the novice to the countryside start and shudder, he flies along until he has reached the open, whilst in his beak, held tightly, he carries with him a large, ripe acorn. Then, having attained the outskirts of the forest, he perches there and demolishes his prize with much relish.

Amongst the birds there are certain species that, more than others, have an inclination towards being gregarious; and, at this time of the year, this fact becomes very noticeable. Thus, not far from the spot where the siskins are at work, over a dozen chaffinches are assembled—all greatly pre-occupied at the moment with the various small things which they are here discovering. The gay waistcoats they are wearing match almost exactly with the oak leaves that are lying about them. They are full of good spirits; and so, now and again, one of them ceases feeding for a moment to voice a crisp "spink, spink" which resounds cheerily; more especially now when so many of the birdland people are silent.

Quite frequently a few bramblings may forgather with the chaffinches—these being near relatives of theirs—as now has happened when suddenly three of these birds make an appearance and, alighting beside the chaffinches, proceed to join them at their morning meal. These newcomers are all from across the sea; they travel to these islands for the colder season and take their departure when the milder weather is in sight. As they are very much of a size with the chaffinches and as, also, there is a certain resemblance in the colour scheme of the two, the bramblings may very frequently pass entirely unnoticed amidst a large company of the former.

The position of these islands, together with their temperate climate, renders them exceeding fortunate in being the centre of attraction for many a species of winter migrant, whether as domicile for a length of time, or merely as a resting place. And thus it is that this season brings with it a period of great interest as regards the movements of the birdland folk. Many of them have already arrived—the greater part indeed of the travellers; fieldfares and redwings, besides the bramblings and a host of others, have by now established themselves in their winter quarters, and here they will remain for many weeks to come, filling thus in some degree, what would else be felt as a melancholy void about the land; all those now empty places which, not so long ago, the birds that come here for the summer-time enriched with their bright activities and the music of their voices.

Muriel W. Haywood

HUNTERS MEET IN BERLIN: *Britain's Photographic Display at the Big International Game Exhibition which Opened on St. Hubert's Day*

A KENYAN TUSKER: This fine picture of an elephant feeding on the edge of a forest clearing is one of the many photographic exhibits in the British section organised by Mr. Eric Parker, editor-in-chief of the *Field*, at the International Game Exhibition which was opened in Berlin on St. Hubert's day, November 3

GIANTS OF THE BUSH AND DENIZENS OF THE "UNDERWORLD," in fact nearly every diversity of creature of the wild found within the limits of the British Empire, are to be seen in the *Field* photographic section at Berlin's International Game Exhibition which has been staged under the leadership of General Göring and is the most important show of its kind to be held since the big Vienna display, twenty-seven years ago. *Left*—A great Kenyan rhinoceros striding through the bush. On his back is the so-called rhino bird, which is said to warn him of approaching danger. *Above*—A flashlight study of a badger leaving its lett

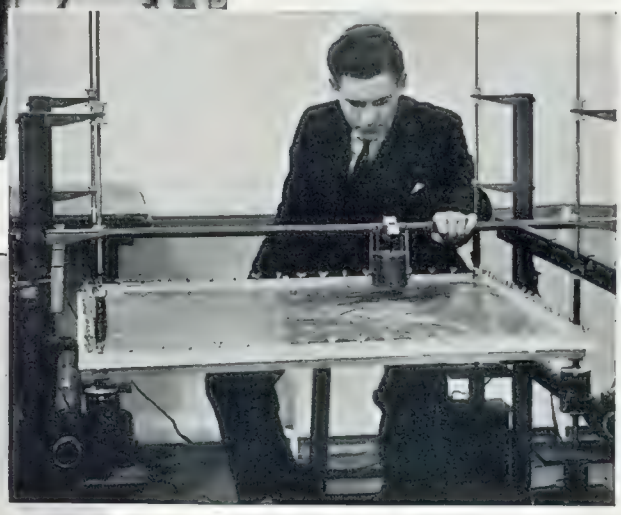
BIRDS AND BEASTS: Two more studies from the exhibition. *Above*—A male kestrel returning to the nest with a young lizard for its offspring and (*right*) a barasingh stag grazing on the lower spurs of one of Kashmir's lofty peaks. In addition to these photographic exhibits, there is on view a wonderful collection of 300 big game heads obtained by British sportsmen, while various types of guns, in the making of which Britain holds a high place, are also represented

MEASURING NOISE . . .

At the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington

THE NOISE METER: An official of the Physical Laboratory watching the instrument board and at the same time listening in when taking a record of the volume of sound created by various machines

SOUNDS OF THE ROAD: A portable noise meter being used in the grounds of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, to record a car engine's loudness in phon values. Recent experiments with road transport vehicles of varying kinds have revealed the most interesting facts, and it has become clear that, while increasing speed has made for more noise, development in design and construction has in a large measure counterbalanced this. It is hoped eventually to find a common noise limit for all cars



REGISTERING NOISE NUISANCE: *Left*—A complicated type of meter for measuring the volume of sound produced by car engines, and (*right*) a portable instrument employed in offices to check up on typewriters and other producers of sound having a marked effect on business efficiency. There are two main types of meter on the market, the better known using a microphone and amplifier system

"WALLS HAVE EARS," but this particular type of noise meter is playing its part in research now being carried out to discover the best type of mural covering to bring about sound-deadening. Film studios and other organisations eagerly await the result of researches in this direction as they will benefit greatly by it

NOISE, some aver, is one of the predominating curses of the age, reducing efficiency in business and often bringing about psychological distress, being a sort of "last straw" for the sick, the fatigued, or the highly strung. The researches now being carried on in this country, and particularly at Teddington, are still in a preliminary stage, but much of practical value has been discovered already, particularly regarding the sound deadening properties of certain wall covering materials.

In connection with problems of noise abatement the National Physical Laboratory has made measurements and analyses of many noises of very varied origin. The positions which some of these noises occupy in a scale of phons is most interesting. At the top of the list is the aeroplane engine (130 phons) and next come pneumatic drills.

On right—EXPERIMENTING WITH A NEW TYPE OF WALL-COVERING to test its properties as a sound-deadener. It was installed temporarily in one of the transmitting-rooms at the laboratory and placed under stringent test

PARTY FROCKS

Dance in Chiffon
Dine in Velvet
Wear Veils for Cocktail Parties

A dress that is not too elaborate for lunch, yet is formal enough for cocktail parties or for restaurant-dining is a thing that every woman needs, and here, on the right, is a perfect frock of this type. In black satin-backed crepe, it is lightly gauged above the waist, with blue, green, and white bead embroidery to give it that touch of colour that all black has this year. It costs nine guineas at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, and is worn with a fascinating black hat of blocked tulle with a curled ostrich feather tip at one side of the high front, and a most provocative fluttering veil

Beaded and Military

Young Version of the Empire Line

Nothing is lighter nor more charming for a youthful dance dress than billowing chiffon, pastel hued, and ethereal. Immediately above is a frock from Waring and Gillow, of Oxford Street. Made in azure blue chiffon, it has the new flatness at the waist, with a knife pleated top and panels set into the back and front of the skirt. With a slenderly cut crepe slip it costs six guineas, and it can be made in almost any colour

On the right is the sort of dress that is a joy on winter evenings. Made in wine coloured crease-resisting velvet, it has a gauged bodice with triple shoulder straps which merge into a wide band at the back, and a gently flared skirt. It is completed by a little bolero coat with very wide and debonair revers. This too comes from Warings, where it costs 6½ guineas complete and is made in black and many lovely colours

The WORLD of BOOKS

Neil Bell's Tour de Force: Entertaining Trivialities from E. M. Delafield: The Portrait Drawings of Sir William Rothenstein

By VERNON FANE

MR. NEIL BELL'S books have a quality of their own. They seem, for one thing, to be written in a slower *tempo* than the one to which most of us are accustomed, and that difference is a grateful one. His story-telling is deliberate, but it is deliberate as the passing of time itself, and not in the least tedious.

His style is particularly successful in his new book **PINKNEY'S GARDEN** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) which is set in a small coast town in Suffolk, in the 'eighties. It is, briefly, the heroic tale of a young woman who loses her husband and later the garden, her means of livelihood, to the sea.

Slowly and remorselessly the sea is encroaching on the land, on which her house stands. The house remains safe, but the little market garden is finally lost to the sea, and never totally uncovered even at low tide. Mary's courage though is unassailable. With four children, no husband, and scarcely any capital, she resists all offers of help, refuses to sell her house or the land, and by dogged contriving keeps herself and her children till Providence steps in, a new pier is built, and the sea gradually retires and gives up the garden.

In a foreword, Mr. Bell writes that he has seen the same thing happen under his own eyes, over a period of thirty years, and there is indeed the very breath of reality about this simple and, I had almost written epic, little story. Mr. Bell would probably earn the name of sentimentalist from many, but he is the rare case in which sentiment derives from a deeper and authentic emotion.

WHEN SHE WAS VERY, VERY YOUNG: This early photograph of the Duchess of Kent is one of the many excellent illustrations in Baroness Helena van der Hoven's life story of the Duchess which has just been published by Cassell's and should make an admirable Christmas gift-book

Miss E. M. Delafield is with us again, this time to present a collection of little sketches and articles of small weight but undoubted entertainment value. They are light enough to float by themselves, and even, on occasion, quite trivial, but they have a redeeming humour, and an equally salutary though less frequent tartness, that is responsible for at least half their success.

For the other half, sureness of observation is responsible. I suppose there are few people with such an uncanny, uncomfortable insight into our everyday petty worries and shortcomings, as Miss Delafield. The fact that she often presents them as having happened to herself, or her own Provincial Lady, is only the poorest comfort. Thus we live—and we know it.

AS OTHERS HEAR US (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is not the type of book to be read at a sitting, or even two. It was not planned with such continuity, and for proper enjoyment it must be read in snatches, picked up at random, and savoured at leisure. To read more than six or eight of the little sketches consecutively is not only unfair to the author, who probably never intended it, but also gives the reader the feeling of having eaten just one too many cream puffs.

In the whole collection there are two real gems that I would like to recommend to your attention, one the guide to drawing-room conversation ("if Ramsay MacDonald, as he calls himself, would only . . . :"), and Rosamond's conversation with her Mama on education, or should it be Education?

Of all Miss Georgette Heyer's historical romances, **AN INFAMOUS ARMY** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the most ambitious one that she has yet attempted. The climax, a fine and exciting reconstruction of the battle of Waterloo, is possibly this author's writing at its most vivid and at the same time, most distinguished.

The famous ball on the eve of the battle, at Brussels, with the Iron Duke in attendance, the Highlanders dancing and all the beauty and rank of a city then crowded with the more intrepid members of English society, makes an unforgettable picture. In the middle of the evening came the news, for the Duke's ear alone, that Napoleon had stolen a march on him, and was twenty-fours hours farther on his way than had been expected. All that night Brussels was sleepless. Regiments preparing to march were forming up in the squares, while anxious wives and friends lingered to the last, to see them go, many of them never to come back.

Since this is Miss Heyer's book, there is naturally the thread of a love story winding through these more heroic patterns. The Lady Barbara Childe loves handsome but penniless Colonel Audley of the Duke's staff, but being a high-mettled, and extremely unreasonable young lady, she jilts him on the fateful evening before Waterloo, and he rides to battle without a word from her.

There follows the scenes of battle, admirable in their coherence and clarity of description, and the book ends, Barbara and her colonel reconciled, with Wellington composing himself to write a model despatch.

Certainly Miss Heyer's most important book, and, I would like to prophesy, one of her most popular.

Sir William Rothenstein has produced a further collection of his portrait drawings, twenty-four of them excellently reproduced in collotype, with appreciations of each of the originals by equally distinguished men.

CONTEMPORARIES (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) Sir William assures us, was prompted by two things, "the first, an unabating urge to draw, the second an impulse to make some record of contemporaries whose work has stirred my admiration." The list of these contemporaries is an extremely interesting one, and includes such varied intellects as Axel Munthe, Somerset Maugham, Sir John Reith, Low, and Lord Allenby. The appreciations, not as I say, of the drawings, but of the subjects themselves are contributed by twenty-four figures in law, letters and art, and each of these brief passages is a valid pen-portrait in itself.

As for the drawings they raise an interesting point. In most cases, obedient to his own dictum that "likeness should come of itself," the resemblances, the purely portrait value that is, is quite remarkable. In some of them however, there appears to be a little softness, an indefinable lack of character which, if it were not so elusive and rare, would be disappointing to anyone who has as genuine an admiration for Sir William's work as I can claim.

In two portraits, those of Professor Elie Halevy and Mr. L. H. Myers, it would be difficult to find the smallest fault. These stand for posterity with Sir William's best work.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—CRYSANTHEMUMS OF JAPAN. By Teizo Niwa. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BELL.—SNOW ON THE EQUATOR. By H. W. Tilman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BLACKIE.—THE GREEN HILLS OF ENGLAND. By R. A. J. Walling. 7s. 6d. COTSWOLD DAYS. By Colin Howard. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. BASIL BLACKWELL.—HIMALAYAN CAMPAIGN: The German Attack on Kangchenjunga. By Paul Bauer. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—Ex AFRICA. By Hans Sauer. Illustrated. 18s. FURTHER STORIES FROM LORD HALIFAX'S GHOST BOOK. Foreword by Viscount Halifax and an Introduction by J. G. Lockhart. 8s. 6d. THE YOGIS OF INDIA. By Edmond Demaitre. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—SO THIS IS AUSTRALIA. By William Pollock. Illustrated. 6s. FATHER COLDSTREAM. By Julian Duguid. 7s. 6d. CELIA. By E. H. Young. 8s. 6d. CASSELL.—INTIMATE LIFE STORY OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT. By Baroness Helena van der Hoven. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—ENDS AND MEANS. By Aldous Huxley. 8s. 6d. R. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—LET US HONOUR PEACE. By Canon H. R. L. Sheppard and Others. 3s. 6d. MARY PLAIN ON HOLIDAY. By Gwynedd Rae. Illustrated by Irene Williamson. 3s. 6d. SOME FLOWERS. By V. Sackville-West. Illustrated. 6s. LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA. By Ferdinand Mayr-Ofen. Illustrated. 15s. I'M TELLING YOU WHEN AND WHERE TO WINTER SPORT. Written and Illustrated by Ian Fenwick. 5s. COLLINS.—SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG: Memories of Elizabeth Countess of Fingall told to Pamela Hinkson. Illustrated. 21s. PRINCE OF THE BLOOD. Philippe Egalité. By Evarts Seelye Scudder. Illustrated. 15s. JOHN. By Irene Baird. 7s. 6d. MARY CHRISTMAS. By Mary Ellen Chase. 6s. PETER BECKFORD ESQUIRE: A Biography. By A. Henry Higginson. Illustrated. 15s. H. M. BATEMAN. By Himself. 10s. 6d. NO MOURNING IN THE FAMILY. By R. Philmore. 7s. 6d. DEATH ON THE NILE. By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: Collected stories. By James T. Farrell. 8s. 6d. DEATH FUNGUS. By Warner Allen. 7s. 6d. THE HIGH SHERIFF. By Henry Wade. 7s. 6d. HATH NOT THE POTTER? By Maxence van der Meerseh. 7s. 6d. LAST YEAR'S SNOW. By Don Tracy. 7s. 6d. HACKENSCHMIDT.—FITNESS AND YOUR SELF. By George Hackenschmidt. Edited by Harold Kelly.

Mr. M. Willson Disher has attacked the subject of circuses with immense verve and enthusiasm in his new book, **GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH** (Bell. 15s.). The greatest show was Astley's, the first and most famous of all circuses and the forerunner of Lord George Sanger's and Buffalo Bill's.

In 1768 young Philip Astley set up his show in Lambeth in his own riding school, charged a shilling a seat, and performed various feats of horsemanship "in a manner very extraordinary". Before the performances Mrs. Astley would stand near the entrance beating a drum, while Astley rode round on a white horse, advertising his show through the streets.

His success grew, he improved the actual housing of his circus, and in 1775 his name was a household word. He had rivals certainly, but he remained the one and only Astley, riding at Drury Lane for Garrick, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, and visiting the crowned heads of Europe to give exhibitions of his prowess. By this time he had acquired clowns, dancers, comedians, and a Little Learned Horse. The circus as we know it nowadays had been born.

After Astley's death, and he died a pauper after many vicissitudes, the fame of his circuses remained, though they passed into different hands.

Mr. Willson Disher traces their fortunes to 1893 when Astley's was finally destroyed, though even then the day of great circuses was not over. Thackeray and Dickens have both given us impressions of those circuses. In their footsteps, though with more concentration on a single subject, a distinguished dramatic critic has shown us some of the charms of his old love, the sawdust ring.

More historical romance, this time from Miss D. K. Broster, who usually sets the scene of her stories in Scotland, to the gratification of her readers whose name, I believe, is Legion, or MacLegion.

CHILD ROYAL (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) has a Scots flavour to it certainly, since it is a story concerned with the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots, but the greater part of the action, and there is a great deal of it, takes place in France at the court of Henri II.

The little queen, a child of seven but already betrothed to the Dauphin of France, was a gallant little figure, and fully conscious of the dignity of her position. Round her raged cardinals and courtiers, Catherine de Medici and Diane de Poitiers, all intent and ruthlessly on their own ends and going to desperate lengths to achieve them. Amongst them the gay, assured, childlike figure of Mary, watched over by her company of archers from Scotland and dispensing favours as graciously as a reigning monarch.

The story of love and treachery and intrigue that spins itself out in her *entourage*, never directly affecting her, yet always in some tragic way, motivated by her, comes finally to a happy solution, but it is a happiness with a shadow, the shadow of the little queen's fate, hanging across it.

Miss Broster accents the romantic possibilities of a story that she tells with great conviction, and a very fine sense of period. An immensely readable book.

No one but a man with a very strong sense of adventure or an unappeasable scientist's curiosity would venture on a voyage to South Georgia, one of the southernmost islands of the Antarctic region. Herr Erich Dautert is evidently such a man, for he has just written a book, **BIG GAME IN ANTARCTICA** (Arrowsmith. 12s. 6d.) about his recent experiences down there, when he was sent by his South American university to collect specimens for their museum.

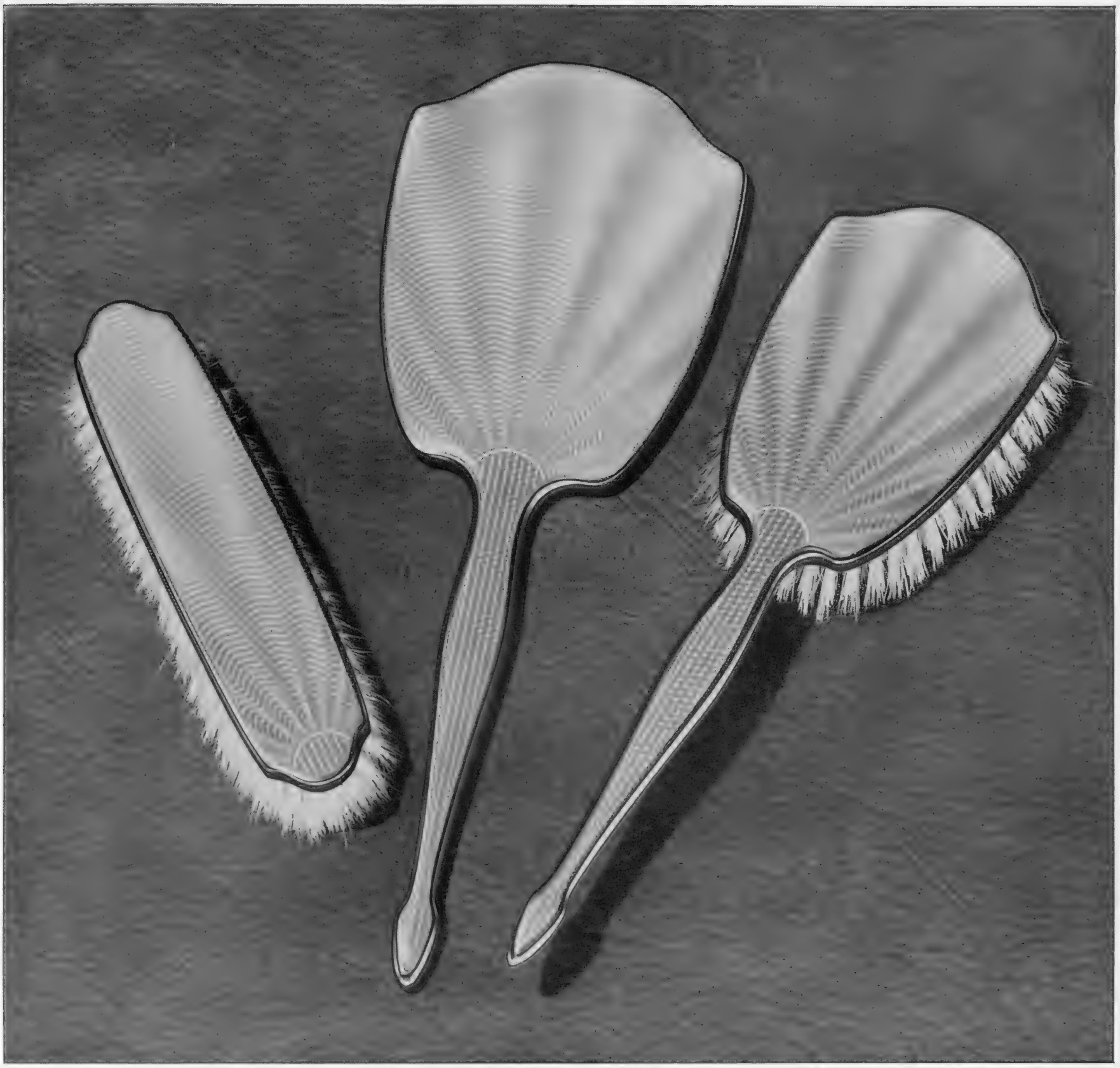
To do this it was apparently necessary to go on a number of whaling trips, and to live in conditions of the utmost discomfort, cold, and even physical danger. In spite of all which Herr Dautert has succeeded in writing a lively and honest book, and has some very amusing things, most of them new, to say about penguins. His photographs of sea-elephants, "great fat boobs," are a perfect joy, as well.

In addition to the books reviewed above, the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

Himalayan Campaign, by Paul Bauer. *(Basil Blackwell. 8s. 6d.)*: An enthralling account by a participant in the German attack on Kangchenjunga, the second highest mountain in the world. How the party extricated itself without loss of life on being caught up in unexpected storms is only one of the highlights of this first-rate adventure book.

The Film Game, by Low Warren. *(T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.)*: The writer of this book was one of the small band of pioneers who, more than a quarter of a century ago, played a prominent part in laying the foundations of the film industry as we know it to-day. He writes, therefore, with a complete inside knowledge of every move that has helped to make and consolidate the business, adorning his tale with many good stories.

(Continued on page 294)



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IT'S A CAR! Mr. Douglas Copley, appointed driver to the late king, owns this ancient contraption which has the distinction of being Birmingham's first motor car. Mr. Copley is mine host of Birmingham's best-known coaching inn, *The Wagon and Horses*

DRIVING IN FOG

How to Tackle the Problem of Poor Visibility

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WE are certainly in the season of fogs, and I doubt if any driver will escape during the month of November that rather terrifying experience of trying to find the way home or to a destination while having to forge his or her way through fog of some description. Surprising as it may sound, very few drivers tackle the problem in the correct manner. First of all they appear to make conditions worse for themselves than is necessary.

When fog is encountered the windscreen wipers should be set in motion, when I will wager that in nine cases out of ten much of the fog ahead will be found to be due to condensation on the windscreen itself. Sometimes, condensation is on the inside of the screen, so it is advisable to keep this clear as well. A more upright position behind the steering wheel is desirable. If a passenger is carried in the front seat it is a good plan to make him or her responsible for spotting obstructions ahead, whilst the driver concentrates on endeavouring to keep his proper position on the road.

Drivers in a queue of cars are rather inclined to become impatient at the slow progress made by the queue as they go through the mist and frequently pull out in order to get ahead. It should be remembered that the reason why all cars except the leader find the pace so slow is due to the fact that the leading car, as it were brushes the fog aside, and so the following drivers imagine that the conditions for the leading man are as good as for those behind him. When they pull out and get in front they find that the leader up to that moment was really getting along very steadily. My advice, therefore, is to remain patient.

Half the battle when visibility is poor is a good fog lamp. There are quite a number on the market, some are of little use. Before making a purchase, therefore, it is best to obtain where possible the experience of friends. At the present moment I am using a Notek, which I have had on my last two cars. The only point I have against it is that it makes driving in fog so comparatively easy that I spend much of my time in trying to pass other cars which are not so fortunately equipped. Fitted with a lamp like this a driver can disregard the advice I have already given about pulling out from the queue. In fact, I find very few cars, even when I get in front, can keep up with me.

I do not know whether the activities of the R.A.C. and A.A. with regard to the 30 m.p.h. limit have relaxed of late, but I do remember that through their insistence during the past season these two great motoring bodies were instrumental in getting various alterations made to the application of the hard and fast speed limit rule. Many stretches which were obviously absurd for the application of the limit were de-restricted and, from the other view-point, the limit was put on to roads which did not qualify for restriction through lack of lamp-posts. It is, however, some time since I received any notification of further additions to the lists which had previously been published.

During my travels of late I have come across several stretches of road where the position at the moment is quite absurd, and I have no doubt there are still hundreds of other roads which should have the attention of the Ministry of Transport in this respect. The one which comes to my mind first happens to be the stretch of road from Hook, Surrey, to the bottom of Telegraph Hill on the road to Leatherhead. Until about a month ago the 30-mile limit only extended from Hook to a point just short of the Chessington Zoo. Now elaborate lamp-posts have been erected from the Zoo right up to the foot of Telegraph Hill in the direction of Leatherhead, but there has been no change whatever in the surrounding country except that there may be a few more boards announcing land for sale stuck in the bordering fields. To have extended the limit signs in this way is just grotesque. They are no doubt perfectly legal on account of the lamp-posts, but if the R.A.C. and A.A. were to get busy I think that the 30 m.p.h. signs might be replaced in the old positions.

Then again there is the long stretch entering Cambridge from the village of Trumpington. This is a broad road with a few scattered houses set well back in their own grounds. The road is more or less straight,

(Continued on page 292)

THE THOROUGHBRED: The new Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe fitted with a 6-cylinder engine of 14-h.p. rating and taxed at £10 10s. The body is of completely new design giving greater comfort and a low centre of gravity

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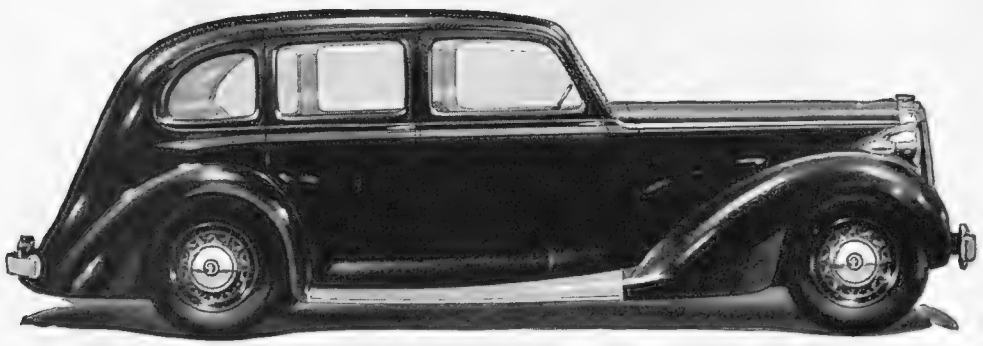

This beautiful car will awaken interest at first glance, but it is beauty wedded to comfort, and comfort to the road-holding qualities of a modern racing car—beauty and dignity combined with dash—that make this new Daimler the most interesting car of the year.
How was it done? By patient experiment under four headings. Modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing. Torsional sway control. Distribution of weight. Inter-axle seating. The result is a perfectly-proportioned 5-seater car that floats over bad road surfaces—yet corners as though on rails—that takes fast curves without roll or sway. You will find the steering of this car the lightest, yet the most positive, you ever handled. Certainly an interesting car—as a trial would show.

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Stone circle at Castle Rigg—Nr. Keswick

RESPONSIBILITY for these ancient monuments has been fathered variously upon Druids, Celts and Neolithic man—with what truth we cannot say and the defendants cannot tell. It is even held by some—who doubtless have no sculptors in the family—that the modern commemorative statue is a lineal descendant of this prehistoric habit. Ribald or no, there is a sort of truth in this, in the sense that we in England have a gift for perpetuating what we hold to be memorable or good. The Great Age of English brewing was not yesterday—but the greatest brew is still among us. The respectful silence in which you view your first cromlech has something of the same quality as that which follows your first Worthington upon a thirsty hour.

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DRIVING IN FOG *(Continued from page 290)*

and I cannot see that there is any possible danger to anyone if it were de-restricted. This state of affairs has existed, I think, since the limit was first introduced. I suggest that the motoring bodies should investigate and take action.

Readers who drive their cars in the West End have probably noticed that the filtration of traffic skirting St. James's Park is not always permitted by the constable on duty. The matter was first brought to my notice last month by a taxi-driver, who apparently had not been notified of this change in the traffic regulations and expressed to me his anxiety lest on some future occasion he might get convicted for contravening some new rule which had not been communicated to the public.

With this uncertainty in mind I wrote to the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis and as his reply is of some definite interest to drivers in the West End I will quote it: "With reference to your letter regarding the regulation of traffic at the junction of Buckingham Palace Road, Buckingham Gate, and Bird-cage Walk, I am directed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to inform you that, owing to the fact that pedestrians continually cross at the refuge by the gate to Queen's Gardens, the constable on duty at this junction frequently finds it necessary to suspend filtration of traffic into Queen's Gardens.

"As you will be aware, the principle that filtration should not be attempted unless a definite direction is given by a police officer on traffic duty, or by an appropriate sign, is referred to in paragraph 39 of the Highway Code. Filtration is invariably permitted by the police on duty at the junction of Buckingham Palace Road and Buckingham Gate unless pedestrians are crossing or waiting to cross. With regard to the junction of the Mall with Marlborough Yard, I am to say that left hand filtration is now prohibited at this junction."

Not so long ago regulations came into force which require the brakes of all motor vehicles to be reasonably efficient. Unfortunately, the majority of motorists are not technicians and probably have a very hazy idea as to what the words "reasonably efficient" really mean when applied to their own vehicle. Unless there are some means of testing the brakes on a car the driver cannot be certain that if he were stopped by a properly authorised officer his brakes would pass as being reasonably efficient.

Most of us have seen elaborate mechanical contrivances in some of the more up-to-date garages, such mechanism being installed specially for brake tests. Garages so equipped, however, are few and far between, and realising this fact the R.A.C. has come to the rescue. In fact the Club has produced a brake tester which is the acme of simplicity.

It takes the form of a hollow metal block, approximately 4 ins. high, $2\frac{3}{4}$ ins. broad, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ ins. deep. The directions for using it are printed on its sides, but briefly, by placing it on the floorboards in a certain position and applying the brakes firmly at 25 m.p.h. the brakes are dangerous and require immediate attention unless the metal block falls over forward. By placing it in a different position further tests can be carried out and the driver, as a result, has a quick, easy means of finding out if the brakes on his car are up to the required standard. The tester is supplied free by the R.A.C. to members of the Club on applying at the head office, Pall Mall, or to any branch office.

THE THREAT TO RADNOR HOUSE: A pen and ink drawing by Dennis Flanders of Twickenham's only riverside building of historic interest; a Georgian mansion which may have to be pulled down unless sufficient funds are forthcoming to pay for the work of restoration. The place was built in 1740, but the original façade was radically altered in the 1850s. It is the interior that is so outstanding, containing many architectural gems

Drawn by Dennis Flanders

RELIC OF THE OLD SPACIOUS DAYS: This Georgian house at Walthamstow, known as the Limes, was recently scheduled for demolition. Many regret its sudden passing

THESE two drawings by Mr. Flanders both depict Georgian residences on London's outskirts, one of which has already received sentence of demolition. The fate of the other, Radnor House, still hangs in the balance. The cost of restoring the latter has been variously estimated at from £500 to £5,000, and Queen Mary, who has been over the place this year, has expressed the hope that something should be done to preserve it and its art treasures. These treasures include some really beautiful woodwork and the morning-room has a painted ceiling, probably by Sir James Thornhill. The house at Walthamstow possesses less historic importance, but as a reminder of the Georgian era, during which the district contained many fine houses standing in wide-spread grounds, it held a distinct place of affection among local people.

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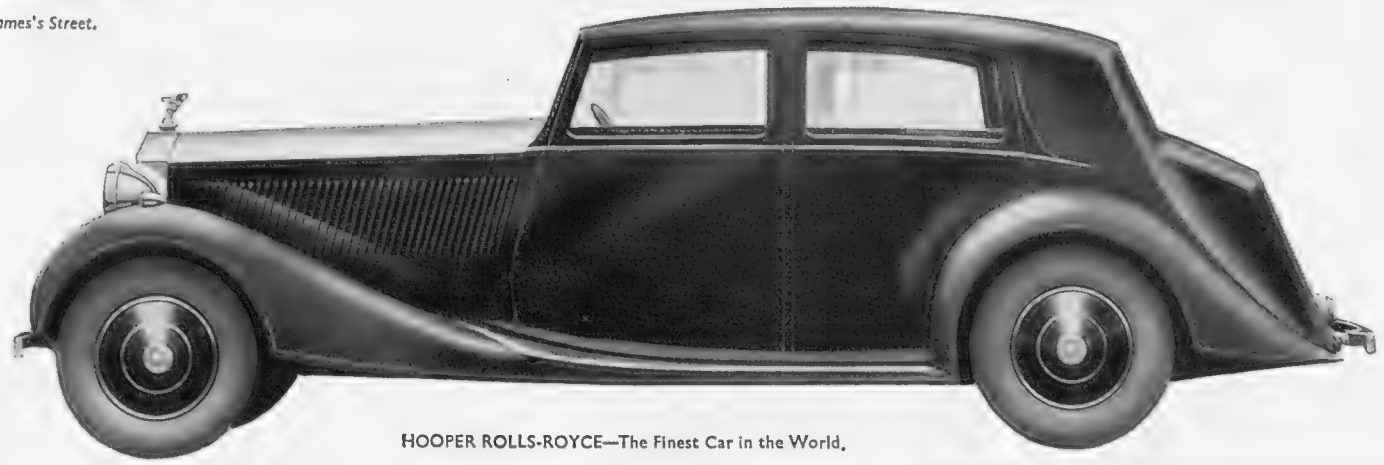

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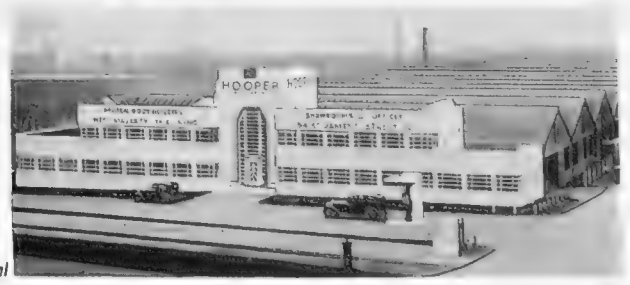

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HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER FRONTIERS

(*Continued from page 266*)

Netherlands by *coups de main* and forced operations north of the great rivers, is attributed to General Ritter von Epp, the Governor of Bavaria. It is probable that von Epp no longer carries much weight in official German quarters. "Nevertheless," says Major-General Voorst tot Voorst, Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch armies, "there are certain elements in the plan which make its adoption by the German general staff far from unlikely."

Nothing shows the dangerous position of Holland more clearly than the Dutch attitude to it. Holland is one of the classic neutrals of Europe. No enemy soldier, in the real sense of the term, has entered Dutch territory since 1672. Out of this happy circumstance, and the naturally peaceful character of the Dutch, has grown a sense of security; at most, the attitude of an interested spectator. Holland's peculiar position in international affairs was considered to have been confirmed by making its political capital the seat of the International Peace Palace: "C'est ici, on peut le dire, le berceau de la science du droit international," said the Russian ambassador, Staal, at the first Hague Peace Conference.

To-day that feeling of security is disappearing. Warnings come from the printing press almost every day. A powerful Association for National Safety has been formed with the object of drawing the people's attention to the imminent danger; and the Government has been stirred into voting a relatively large sum for the country's defences. They have also prepared a bill which is to bring about an extension of the period of military service.

Is it enough? Even if Holland strain her resources to the utmost limit, can she develop her defence system to a pitch of strength sufficient to hold back an enemy long enough, at least, to let friends come to her assistance? Her frontier with Germany, from Delfzijl to Vaals, is 539 kilometres, or 330 kilometres if you cut off all the corners. This is as long as the French fortified frontier Basel-Longwy, and twice as long as Belgium's frontier from Arlon to Vaals. At no point is there a natural frontier. It is difficult enough for the Belgians, with their German frontier 160 kilometres long, to fortify it and adequately occupy it; and there is not much chance, under present conditions, of the Dutch either spending as much money as the Belgians for defence, or bringing as many men under the colours.

What she is doing to guard against the potential danger is, however, intensely interesting, and will be outlined in a second article.

THE CHINA WAR AND THE BRITISH POULTRY FARMER

(*Continued from page 272*)

and disseminated the art. There are at present in this country a dozen Japanese experts who can do "chick-sexing" at the rate of 500 an hour, and with a guaranteed accuracy of 95 per cent. I will not go into the technicalities—or perhaps I should say the improprieties—of this art, but its adoption is evidently invaluable.

Pullet chicks when reared by themselves are of better quality and uniformity; the cockerel chicks which are being retained for table purposes can be put on fattening foods earlier than egg-laying chickens; and the pedigree breeder benefits from the fact that he knows the sex of the chicks he is selling. The ordinary chicken's sex cannot be distinguished under three weeks and usually not much before two months. Fortunately, these Japanese experts have been trained to teach English boys how to become sexers, and many of the large hatcheries now employ their own permanent English staff.

Even though this ancient liability to which poultry farmers have always been vulnerable is now being rapidly removed, the problem of the increasing mortality remains. Experts tell me that this is perfectly natural. The high egg production combined with the large egg size for which hens are specially bred nowadays gives them lowered powers of resistance. The birds, in fact, have been asked to do too much. No doubt the Minister of Agriculture will see to it that part of the money which he is confidently expected to secure for the poultry industry will go in research. So perhaps after all the poultry industry will gain fresh life and we will all be able to have an egg for our tea.

BRISTOL'S DOMESDAY OAK, reported to have been standing when the Domesday survey was made in the eleventh century, is suffering from senile decay, great wooden props holding up its branches and iron bands clamping its half hollowed trunk

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Cont. from page 288*)

Hanged by a Comma, by E. Stewart Fay. (*Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d.*): This volume with the intriguing title is really an epitome of the drama and the tragedy and the thousand and one little-known things of interest to be found in Britain's Statute Book, that compilation of the centuries that is such a faithful mirror of our history. The writer is a barrister.

Out of Africa, by Karen Blixen. (*Putnam. 12s. 6d.*): The author here tells of her years spent on a coffee farm in Kenya; of the ways of the country, and of the native peoples. Love and understanding of the "dark continent" are the mainspring of this book and it is written with rare charm and insight.

River to River, by Stephen Gwynn. (*Country Life. 10s. 6d.*): The story of a keen fisherman's pilgrimage to the principal river systems of these islands. It will make an ideal present for anglers when Christmas comes along and is particularly notable for some first rate illustrations by Roy Beddington.

Seventy Years Young, the Memories of Elizabeth Countess of Fingall, as told to Pamela Hinkson. (*Collins. 21s.*): From her childhood in Connemara and the days when Parnell was Ireland's uncrowned king to the death of Michael Collins and the burning of the great country houses, the narrator gives us a wonderful picture of her life and times.

India has adapted herself to so many centuries of change that the coming of modern ways she has taken easily in her stride. The popular picture of India, of trading ports, uneasy travel and martyrdom to discomfort has been thrown right out of focus.

India to-day is a land of magnificent modern cities linked by mighty railroads. Here stands Delhi, brilliant central jewel of her reset diadem. Bombay, majestic gateway to her treasury of beautiful scenes. Calcutta, lovely bustling capital of commerce. Madras, spread out leisurely along the Bengal Bay.

Here are spacious modern hotels and clubs with cuisine and comforts that do more than honour to traditional oriental hospitality. Dancing and music were never more delightful than in the fascinating setting of India. Sport never more varied or exciting. Tariffs and fares never more reasonable. Travel in roomy and in some cases air-conditioned trains never more comfortable.

For the business-man India's untapped markets offer a rich field of expansion and to combine a business visit with a tour of the India of romance is one of life's most breathless experiences.

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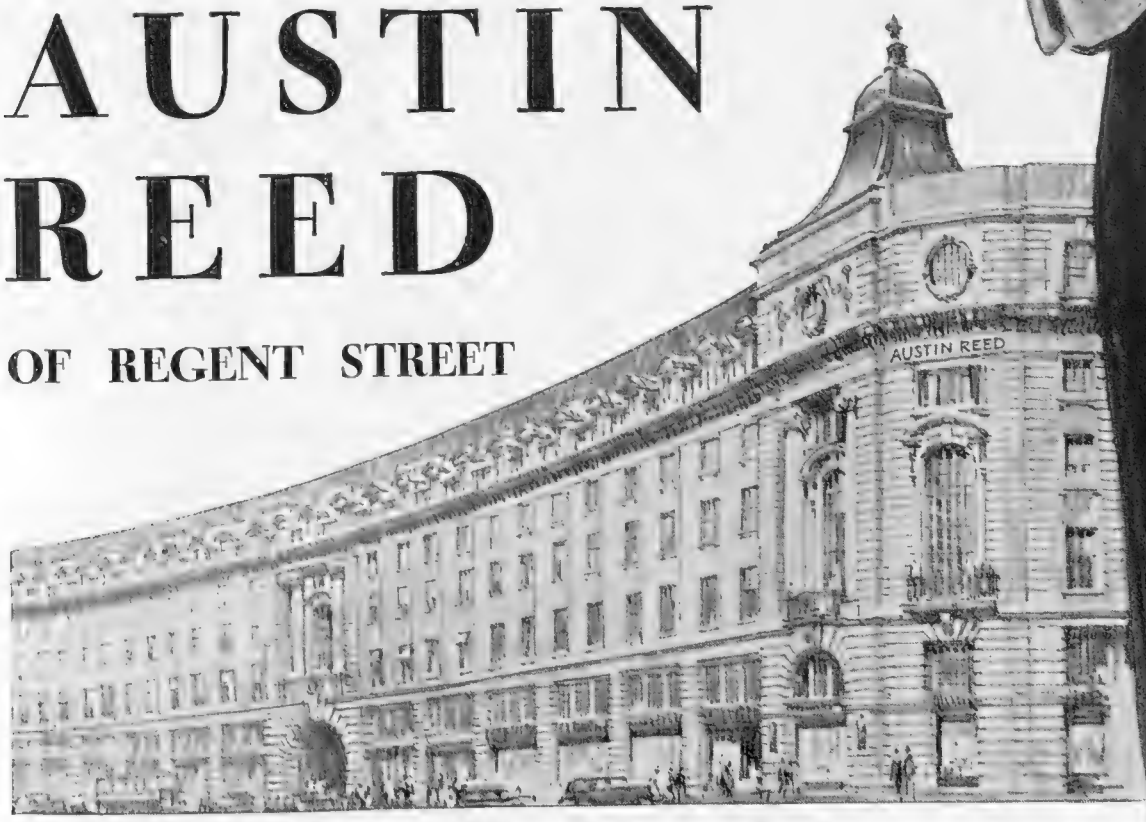

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* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers go to Port Said. Fares to suit your purse. You leave from several different English ports.

2. BY AIR . . . From London to Alexandria. 2½ days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. 4½ days.

4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istanbul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 6½ days.

THE EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 29 Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full information.

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR: The Châteaux of the Dordogne, the Vezère, and the Lot —The Marvels of Gyantse

CORFU.—I talked the other day with a person who was once on a visit to Switzerland when she heard that a friend of hers had arrived to stay at a town by the lake nearby. She determined to make a call upon the friend, but on her arrival she was concerned to meet a little group of people supporting a lady who had apparently fainted as she was about to board a steamer. In fact the lady, who was the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, had just been stabbed in the back. So wonderful was her self-control that no one noticed that anything was amiss until she collapsed. In the room above that into which the dying woman was carried a phonograph continued to blare out a popular tune of the day. This little story (hackneyed maybe, but I was interested to hear it at first hand) took me in mind to Corfu.

For it was in this glorious island that the unquiet spirit of the tragic Empress found something akin to peace. Here you may see the house where she spent happy days. It is, however, unnecessary to have a cursed destiny to enjoy Corfu. Blessed with a serene climate, the island's wonderful gardens are made yet lovelier by the blue waters which are their setting. Corfu is an ideal place for a holiday in winter. Another story concerning the island reminds one that at one time it was a British possession. During the Crimean War a regiment of militia was quartered there. The Colonel took with him his wife, his baby daughter, and a cow to provide milk. It was necessary to keep a sentry continually on guard over the cow to prevent the attentions of amateur milkers. The "baby" still proudly tells the story.

The Other Châteaux Country.—Although not so frequented as the valley of the Loire those of the Dordogne, the Vezère, and the Lot are very fascinating. Brive and Perigeux are good centres from which to explore them and from either of these places you may drive through lovely country to visit such sights as Rocamadour with its famous *chemin de ronde*: Domme on its hill above the river; and one of the best examples of a *bastide*, wonderful Castel-Breteneux; Les Eyzies, the home of Cromagnon man where there are caves painted by prehistoric artists; and Souillac where the people dance on Sunday evenings on the main road from Paris to Spain. Or there are Padirac up in the hills with its underground river, Sarlat's long uninteresting-looking street from which you turn off to find the delightful old buildings grouped round the cathedral. At Perigeux, in particular, you will find some of the best food in the world. Choose from the *menu méridional* which contains famous local dishes. You will not soon forget the omelette on to which first sugar is sprinkled and then burning brandy is poured, or the *cèpes*, a delectable toadstool, or the *pâté de foie gras* stuffed with Perigord truffles.

The Roof of the World.—An acquaintance who has just flown back from India has been telling me of the marvels of Gyantse. This place cannot be said to be on a tourist route since an expedition from Darjeeling over the Himalayas is needed to reach it. The view from the top of the pass is worth the days of climbing, and the sight of range upon range of glistening peaks stretching to the horizon is one of the most awe-inspiring in the world. There is a British garrison at Gyantse so that many of the comforts not to be found elsewhere in medieval Tibet are available for its fortunate guests.

It is hard to discriminate among the innumerable points of interest about Tibet in a short note. Where is one to begin when speaking of a country where the people have but one bath in their lives (after birth), where a single animal is the mainstay of the economy of the inhabitants, where one may see over 150 miles by mountains, lakes, and dizzy monasteries? Of the many curious things that I was told—of the marvellous flowers, of the polyandry, of the general who lately was blinded as a punishment for a mistake on manœuvres, and the very real belief of the inhabitants in the existence of the "abominable snowmen"—one thing in particular struck me forcibly. At Gyantse, 13,000 ft. above the sea, one of the favourite pastimes in summer is sun-bathing!

RESTORED TO ITS OLD-TIME GLORY: The 13th-century cathedral of Soissons which has just been reconsecrated by Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Rheims, following the completion of the gigantic task of repairing the havoc done to the structure during the great war. Soissons changed hands four times between 1914 and 1918 and was never far from the front. The cathedral was even more seriously damaged than that at Rheims, among other things the tower being almost completely shot away

CHANGES AT MONT ST. MICHEL: As a result of representations by many public bodies the French Minister of Works has decided to remove part of the causeway leading to this celebrated place of pilgrimage, thus giving it back a greater measure of its island character and preventing undue silting. It will still remain accessible at all states of the tide, however, as trains with a specially tall chassis will cross the gap at high water

ARGENTINA'S MAIDENHEAD: A glimpse of El Tigre, the riverside pleasure resort near Buenos Aires which of recent years has attracted many wealthy people from the capital. This natural beauty spot is situated on an island some 18 miles from the capital. A large number of yachting and rowing clubs are dotted along the shore. The authorities have recently closed down the casino—an event which is likely to affect one side of the island's social life

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Jamaica.—We think that Mandeville would suit your requirements admirably as it is about 2,000 ft. above sea level, golf and tennis are available, riding and driving, and it is also a good centre for walking. We suggest the Bloomfield Guest House, which charges £4 4s. per week and where we are sure you will be comfortable. We are informed that cheaper guest houses do exist, but it would be preferable to see them first. Motoring is not expensive. Christiana is charming but very small and quiet, and you would be cut off from train excursions, etc. The Blue Mountain districts would be more expensive than Mandeville or Christiana You need have no fear of mosquitoes in January in the districts above sea level and there is no need to wear more than a straw or felt hat.

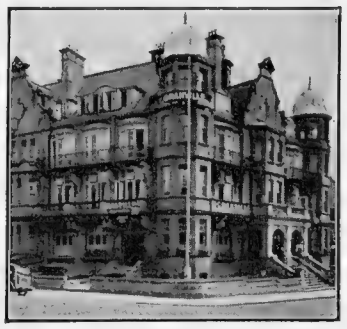
Estoril.—Estoril is a most attractive resort with golf course, tennis courts, and casino, and an excellent beach. The surrounding country is also very pleasant and offers scope for interesting excursions. Estoril is connected with Lisbon by electric train, the journey taking only 30 minutes. The Park Hotel charges about 15s. per day, the Paris about 12s., and there is a very comfortable pension, the Londres, which charges only 6s. 6d. per day. We enclose some pamphlets giving further details which we trust will be found of assistance.

Ceylon.—As you wish to be at a high altitude we recommend the Grand Hotel at Nuwara Eliya; about half way down to sea level is Kandy, and here we recommend the Hotel Suisse. In Colombo we recommend the Galle Face or the Grand Oriental Hotel; the former is the quieter of the two. The difference between temperatures of low and up country districts is marked. At Colombo the hot weather season starts in March and ends in May and the cold weather extends from December to February. It would be very cold at Nuwara Eliya in February. It does not usually rain at this time of year. The best means of travel through the island is undoubtedly by car and there would be no difficulty in hiring one at Colombo.

The French Riviera.—Cavalaire and Le Lavandou are both charming places, and are not far from the golf course at Hyères, but they are both very quiet. St. Maxime is not nearly so popular as Juan les Pins, and can offer you golf, amusements, and good bathing, and we are inclined to think that this place most nearly meets your requirements. If, however, you want something very quiet then we suggest that you stay at St. Tropez and go into St. Maxime. St. Tropez is very picturesque, and you would certainly like it.

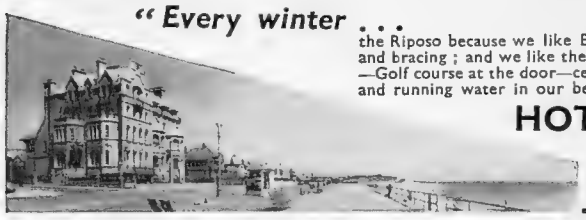
In regard to the climate, you will not find it bracing, but perhaps inclined to be relaxing.

'Yes . . . they're still at the GRANVILLE'



● When that is said of an English seaside hotel in the late season you may be sure that the service and cooking are out of the ordinary. Such is true of the Granville at Bexhill, whose visitors enjoy also a mild climate and facilities for golf on three well-known courses. Phone No. 1437.

GRANVILLE HOTEL Bexhill



"Every winter . . .

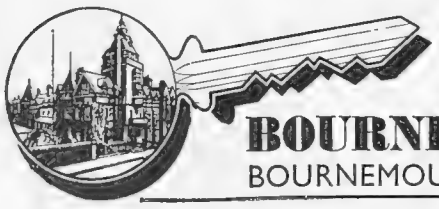
the Riposo because we like Bexhill—restful, entertaining and bracing ; and we like the Riposo—in the key position —Golf course at the door—central heating and telephone and running water in our bedroom."

HOTEL RIPOSO
BEXHILL
Inclusive terms—3½ to 5 gns.
Tel. 472

Sea air and good fare . . .

From every walk of life distinguished people visit us, because they know that their desire for rest will be respected. They appreciate our tradition, our real English fare, our picked wine list . . . and the personal touch which predominates over all. Tariff from G. James, Resident Proprietor.

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS
—The Hotel in the Path of the Sun—Tel. 40



In the "Key" position

Buses pass the grounds for shops and cinemas. Nearest hotel to Meyrick Golf Course. 100 comfortable modern bedrooms. Write R. J. Bray, Resident Proprietor, for brochure.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH Tel. : Bournemouth five

Luxury in miniature

In a lovely country house hotel with sheltered wall garden (3 acres) in the centre of Brighton. The menus—lavish, varied and English. The beds—somniferous . . . the winter terms—inclusive from 4 to 5 gns.

Sixty Six Hotel
MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON. *Tel. : Hove 1637*

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666

Zounds! BUILT 1690

Shall we winter in comfort? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . fires to warm the marrow, good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

The William & Mary ✣ Stratford-on-Avon ✣

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

Lift
Self-contained Suites
Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* **LONDON**

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

In Quest of

Bexhill Maintains Its Steady Succeeding Waves

THIS week I would deal with two hotels, both excellent in their respective spheres, in a resort which has for years maintained a steady reputation amongst winter visitors without suffering from waves of fashion. Bexhill apart from enjoying those winter virtues in common with many other South Coast resorts has one or two virtues peculiar to itself.

Every time I go to Bexhill I am struck with an impression of tidiness—its streets and shops, its flower beds tidily arranged on the promenade, the absence of garish hoardings and of rowdy piers and fun fairs. At Bexhill the town is designed for those sections of the public who want peace and quiet as first essentials, with the result that the whole place grows on one with acquaintance and has a certain charm which is difficult to define. There is little to attract the chance visitor just passing through in winter: the architecture apart from the De La Warr Pavilion is uniformly uninteresting and there are no sensational attractions. But for those who want a place of winter residence, there are many more solid attractions, not the least of which are the two following hotels, which I cordially recommend.

At one end of Bexhill is the Hotel Riposo. It has a fine open position with a wide lawn and promenade stretching in front of it to the sea. It faces due South with a view of the cliffs and downs of Beachy Head to the West. In summer this is probably the best end for bathing, or alternatively just beyond the Metropole Hotel at the other end.

In winter the Riposo has a clean airy position. There are plenty of comfortable chairs dotted about and a welcome absence of draughts. The dining room looks straight out on to the Channel. The music room and palm court, beloved of children, have an excellent polished floor for dancing and a Bechstein grand piano mercifully kept in tune.

Most of the bedrooms face the sea—all of them very attractively furnished. Controllable central heating, running water, and a post office telephone, with comfortable chairs and of course the best box-spring beds transform what might be a mere hotel bedroom into a thoroughly comfortable habitat.

The Bexhill Golf Links are but a stone's-throw away, the Riposo being the nearest hotel to them. Quite pleasant golf can always be enjoyed here. The Cooden Beach course is equally within range by car or bus, this latter being, of course, a famous first-class course. Bexhill is small, and the fact of being at the select end of the town does not cut one off from whatever is going on in the town proper. The Riposo is but five minutes' walk to the shopping centres, cinemas, and to the De La Warr Pavilion. There is plenty to do in winter, and bridge can usually be arranged at the hotel.

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable ; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1
140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.

Telephone : CANFORD CLIFFS 797-8.
*Telegrams : "Salubritas, **Bournemouth."***

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

LONDON
WHITENESS HOTEL
45-6-7, QUEEN'S GARDENS
HYDE PARK, W.2

NEWLY CONSTRUCTED. NEWLY FURNISHED. DOUBLE BEDROOMS, WITH THEIR OWN TILED BATHROOMS AND TOILETS EN SUITE.

BEDROOMS WITH MODERN RADIATORS. Running water and G.P.O. Telephones, with Breakfast, 8/6 and 9/6, or weekly inclusive from 3¾ gns. LIFT. A.A. Recommended R.A.C. NIGHT PORTER.
Telephone : PADD. 8047-8048.

WINTER HEALTH

is assured by living in this lovely, peaceful sunny retreat, 400 ft. up looking South on to Downs. 20 minutes only from town—5 minutes from the station. Central heating and a warm congenial atmosphere. Bridge. Billiards. Ballroom. Single rooms from 4 gns. Inclusive ; also suites and bed-sitting rooms. FULLY LICENSED.

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL
THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Reputation, Unaltered by Fashion

The hotel is under the same management as Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth, namely, Bray Associated Hotels, Ltd.; chairman and managing director, R. J. Bray. In point of fact the Riposo is a smaller edition of Bourne Hall. The tasteful furnishing, the completeness of comfort, the efficient service, the installation of the best modern amenities, the general air of hospitality, the scrupulous cleanliness in every single department, and the fact of giving really good value for money—all these and a hundred others are among the good qualities of the Bray Hotels.

The Metropole Hotel is a gay hotel, or it was when I was last there. It is fairly large and there is plenty to do. It also enjoys one of the finest positions in Bexhill. It is so well placed in relation to the sea that every bedroom has a sea view. It is also the only hotel in Bexhill possessing its own grounds and a proper terrace. Here a golf school with three professionals in attendance will cure a slice in no time.

Comfort, cuisine, and service are of course up to a high standard and the Metropole dances are always cheerful affairs. Billiards, bridge, and so on are always on tap. Hunting with the East Sussex. The inclusive winter terms are very considerably reduced and for those who like plenty to do the Metropole makes a good headquarters.

The Metropole is in the older part of Bexhill, next door to the much discussed De La Warr Pavilion. Whatever you may think of the architecture of Bexhill's latest venture, there is no doubt that it is quite one of the finest of its kind on the South Coast.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

S. C. R. (Barnsley).—For a small hotel about 30 miles south of Nottingham I would recommend the Ram Jam Inn at Stretton on the Great North Road, or about 10 miles farther south the Haycock at Wansford in England. Another place you should know of, though it is about 53 miles from Nottingham, is the Manor Farm Country Hotel at Fotheringhay. I have not been there as yet, but I have had very good reports of it.

R. R. (Cambridge).—As you were wanting to go away the next morning, I wired you Ferring Grange Hotel, near Worthing, which should be just what you want for your purpose. Air excellent, a choice of good golf links quite close and plenty of riding to be had.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

PEACE and CALM

Winter Residence . . . in an atmosphere of peace and calm. In days when Europe is far from calm . . . when the submarine and the aeroplane are a grim reality . . . at a time of the year when cold fogs abound, there must be many seeking a more genial climate, who would appreciate the tranquillity and smoothly running wheels of management at

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

Special inclusive Winter Terms now available.
Write Manager, H. S. Donington-Smith or 'phone 2302.

And this winter . . . Grove Hall

Because it's a homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. Because there's a private bathroom to every bedroom . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. Because it's but 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Because there's golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Because you will be welcomed and because the terms are reasonable and inclusive—**4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone: Twyford 106.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

HOTEL WASHINGTON CURZON STREET, Mayfair, W.1

For those who like a quiet hotel with every modern convenience, situated in the heart of Mayfair

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS LADY HONYWOOD, Managing Director

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH
THE ALISON HOTEL
Telephones: 31295-6 **Melville Crescent** *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"
Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3120.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn.338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea,Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2227.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl,W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnham Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

THE THRIFTY 'THIRTIES

(Continued from page 276)

and used for arms. Michael's material consists of cellulose, glass, and rayon. A factory to manufacture it has been built at Stadtlengsfeld, and production will start in October.

I have even heard it suggested that Germany should breed hedgehogs and geese on a large scale for the sake of their quills, so that the steel normally used for pen-nibs can be diverted to more immediate necessities.

But it is Germany's anti-waste precautions in the home that are influencing minor economies all over Europe. Left-over stuff from home tailoring, old carpets, curtains, and clothes; in addition to what is always being salvaged from public rubbish dumps, the minutest scraps of metal—copper, bronze, brass, aluminium, nickel, lead, tin, zinc utensils—are worth handing over to the State; hair from barbers' shops, old sofas; skins and hides; all bottles (except medicine bottles), too. Even office waste baskets are ransacked for old paper, and old business documents (under a guarantee that they will be kept absolutely private), books, and newspapers can be of use.

Children play a large part in collecting the more domestic oddments. To the Hitler Youth is entrusted the task of gathering silver paper and bottle capsules, and they are not paid for it either. Meanwhile Nazi housewives have been given special Government refuse containers which, when full of vegetable scraps, are taken away to feed pigs; and twice a week children at 900 Berlin schools bring any remaining kitchen scraps to their teachers, who hand them over to the anti-waste authorities.

From these extreme measures, other countries can learn a great deal. Local Government refuse vans used to bear the words, "Burn Your Rubbish and Save Rates," but Germany has taught us better than that.

The City of Birmingham and Chingford Urban District Council are the most progressive waste-users in this country. Birmingham has five works with special plant for making rubbish saleable. This year she hopes to make over £60,000 from domestic refuse, including (said *The Times* the other day), £10,000 from rags, bottles, and bones; £8,000 from tins, £5,300 from manures, £3,350 from fats, and £5,000 from clinkers. The rubbish provides enough fuel to generate electricity for the five works *and* to charge the batteries of the collecting vans. Even the remaining dust is used for land reclamation, and one works has used it to make a bowling green and sports ground for its employees.

In 1934 Chingford sold only £789 worth of rubbish. Last year that total was nearly doubled. Screenings, they report, realised £112, aluminium £65, tins £105, bottles and jars £206, and old newspapers, £135.

Birmingham is also turning out machinery for local government authorities who want to use their rubbish profitably, in England and abroad. Whatever the profits, it is estimated that England and Wales spend £11,000,000 a year in disposing of 1,000,000 tons of trade residue, 11,000,000 tons of household rubbish, and 3,000,000 tons of street refuse. The cardboard industry wants old paper. Broken glass and cinders give fuel for steam engines. 3,000 tons a day of London's refuse goes down the Thames in barges for Essex coast land reclamation. Where we differ from Germany is in the method of collecting rubbish. Germany eliminates the rubbish-sorting function of local authorities to a large extent. It saves trouble to collect refuse at the sources—to take potato peelings straight from the kitchen, silver paper straight from the cigarette packet—instead of mixing them all up in the dustbin and leaving the separation to the corporation. Tins and other iron oddments need not be so rigidly separated—the corporations' electro-magnets do this in a few seconds.

Certainly we in England have been rather lazy about waste-conservation; we throw away far too many milk bottles, for instance, instead of sending them back to milk dealers. But this will soon be changed. The work proceeds quietly, for England always seems to make the most of a bright idea without saying much about it. Whatever we may think of German policy, we do not scorn to learn from this aspect of it, modifying it to our own requirements.

A. W. Jenkins

PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME: The old Dunster Yarn Market, built by George Luttrell in 1609 and one of the show places of the West Country, has now been scheduled as an ancient monument and it is thus ensured that it will never fall into decay

Vanishing London Recorded.

—Under this title there appeared in THE SPHERE of November 6 a series of water-colours by W. Alister Macdonald, and it was pointed out that these were presented by the artist to Guildhall Art Gallery. This statement was incorrect, as the pictures were the gift of Lord Wakefield of Hythe who purchased Mr. Macdonald's work in 1936.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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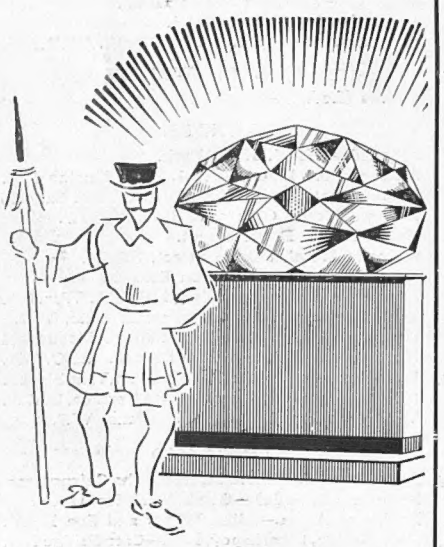

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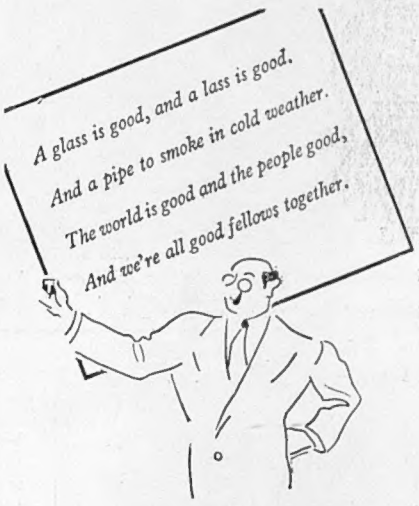

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